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It is frequently inconvenient to send SAMPLE COPIES from our latest issues, but a fair sample will be sent to all applicants, without regard to date. It is a pleasure to fill such orders.

Written for The Better Way.

SIX CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

CHAPTER II.

OPENS A NEW WORLD.

The little head had rolled and tossed and burned upon its humble pillow in the hospital ward. It seemed to the child as if coals of fire were eating into her brain, and the parched and drying lips constantly echoed the one desire of the little life in their cry for "Water, water, water!" Cooling ice applied to the temples, refreshing fluids placed between the lips, brought only temporary relief to the little delirious sufferer, who still moaned and tossed in her spasms of pain and heat; but at last the restless movements, and the imploring cry, grew still, as the calm white shadow of death settled down upon the little face. The quiet nurse stood by to perform the last kind offices for the dying: the hour was a silent one, and the lights burned low—all was peaceful and serene in that supreme moment when a little life struggled in triumph from its poor-abused and, until now, neglected tenement of clay.

The child realized nothing of her physical surroundings, she did not see the gray light of morning stealing into the room and paling the lowered lights, nor notice the sedate nurse who stood above the cot. She had been burning up in a place all fire and heat, but now cooling breezes, sweet with the odor of flowers, were blowing across her form, dispelling the heat and filling her breast with joy.

How good the sweet, fresh air felt as it flashed in waves of perfume over her, she opened her mouth and breathed it in, feeling stronger and more restful by every draught. The watchers by the bed thought these only the gasps of the dying and that the life forces ebbed away, but Betsey was sure that she was breathing into her life sweet odors and gentle airs that filled her entire frame with a sense of comfort and repose.

Now it seemed to the little storm-tossed waif, that she rested upon a bed of flowers, and that her pillow was one mass of roses, pale, pink and white. She could see their curling petals, and could feel their dewy freshness against her tired head. Never before had she seen so many lovely blossoms, and these seemed all her own.

The child threw up her hands in an ecstasy of delight, and, lifting her head from the pillow, buried it again, face downward, in what she knew to be a mass of beautiful flowers, although those around might think it only a part of the hospital bed.

Strong hands lifted her at once and turned her face to the light; but only a clay cold form was there, the young spirit had stepped out of its confinement at that moment when, strengthened by the inspirations of perfumed air it had received, it had lifted the little form and turned toward the inner glory of life.

Now it lay upon the bed of lovely flowers, undisturbed by thoughts of its outward shell, and unmindful of the half-stifled

'cause they don't look small like them do' bustle around the hospital cot. The spirit had settled down with a sigh of restful satisfaction amid the dewy blossoms, stretching itself out in full length as if to inhale the balm and fragrance through every pore and portion of its being. Plunged in that magnetic and refreshing slumber that wrapped her senses, Betsey knew nothing of the outward life, nor shall we linger over the meagre details of that humble service that consigned her little frame of only eight summers' growth to a pauper's grave.

When the child awoke it was with a sensation of strength and renewed vitality. She had been rested in every part of her nature. She could not realize her surroundings, and for some time memories of her old life escaped her mind. She gazed around upon the blooming flowers and the brilliant fields of green that met her eye. A little brooklet plowing softly at her feet seemed singing a pretty song of greeting to the bewildered but delighted maid. The shadows, thrown by the branches of the lofty tree under which her flowery couch was formed, seemed alive and full of harmony as they moved to and fro upon the emerald sod. The air was warm and sweet, but with a delicious sparkle that refreshed the senses and subdued any unnecessary heat. It was tinged with a golden hue, like amber, that lent a softened glow to all things that it fell upon.

Betsey raised her head and slowly moved her eyes from side to side:

"Where am I?" she thought. "Sure I must have got into fairy-land that the picture books tell about."

The child had never possessed a book of fairy tales in her life, nor could she have read them if she had, but she had heard of them from some of her little neighbors who had been rather more fortunate than she, and now it seemed to her that she had in reality been transported into the wondrous land peopled by fairies and gnomes that the stories mentioned.

"Who be I, any way?" mused the bewildered mite to herself. "Wot's my name an' where do I belong?" but no answering response came from the halls of memory to lighten up her mind, as the child gazed around upon the loveliness of the scene.

Suddenly, as if in greeting to this stranger, a bird, perched far up out of sight amid the branches of a neighboring tree, burst out in a flood of sweetest melody. Even the heart of a child could interpret the song as one of gladness and rejoicing, and could bound with affectionate delight at the sound. The music swelled on, now higher and higher, until in a moment more it was caught up by kindred throats in other trees and amid other branches, and sent thrilling through the pathways and fields until the entire atmosphere seemed alive with the wondrous notes of welcome poured forth by the innocent choristers of this delightful spot in greeting to a little world-shapen girl.

"If this don't beat all," muttered the girl to herself. "The very birds talk here; it must be fairy land sure. I don't know who I be, an' how I got here, but I likes it, I do, an' it's just lovely. I never had anything like this before," she continued, gazing down upon the simple snowy slip of a rock that covered her form from throat to feet, "leastwise I don't think I did, but I don't know nothing of what I had or who I be. My aint it fine and soft though, just nice and so white—looks as though it never got any dirt on it. 'Spose it so clean here wid the grass and flowers nobody never gets dirty. I never hear tell of fairies gitting so."

Just at this moment the child espied figures moving to and fro through the fields; she had not observed them before, but now they appeared plainly: there were a few men and women but most of them were children of various sizes and ages and although these forms were robed in soft, bright colors, they did not seem to lie exactly as Betsey had imagined fairies must look, as they were of the height of ordinary people and not gifted with gauzy wings and other attendant accessories of fairy life. "They can't be fairies at all," soliloquized the stranger,

fairies be no bigger 'n my finger. P'rhaps I'm dead an' this is heaven, that the Mission master told about, 'cause the streets ain't gold, an' those people ain't got wings, neither. I don't know wot it is—p'rhaps it's the big country that has fields an' woods an' things that I never seed."

And then she fell to wondering what she had seen, and who the Mission master was, a dim recollection of whose teachings had entered her mind at the thought of heaven. Confused thoughts struggled with in, vague and intangible pictures of a dirty and forlorn little girl, straying through cold and stormy streets, and of a large barn-like room in the narrowest and most dismal street half-filled with urchins as ragged and unkempt as the girl, and a tall man standing in their midst repeating to them stories of the lowly Jesus who had said something about "little children coming to him," and of the heaven of golden streets he would lead them to, floated before the eyes of the puzzled child as she sought to remember something of herself and the life she had led.

"I be sure I was there sometimes, an' he was the Mission man that told about the angels wud wings and white gowns, but I don't seem to git it back. This be a white gown, but I ain't got no wings, an' I guess I ain't an angel anyhow, 'cause I ain't good 'nough."

As yet none of the forms the child had described had approached, but soon there came gliding up to her side two dainty little maidens of perhaps six and eight years, one robed in a pink, gauzy stuff, the other in folds of shining blue, and putting out their hands to the stranger sang together in silvery tones:

"Come, dear sister, come away,
To our home of joy and love,
Where the light of perfect day
Streams upon us from above,
Come and join our happy band
In this fair and sunny land."

Betsey eyed the twain with shyness and awe. She had never seen human beings so beautiful in person and so graceful in manner. At the moment the child felt all the awkwardness and ignorance of her uneducated life. She shrank from the touch of these refined children and covered her face with her hands. But the new comers would not be thus repulsed, and each taking a hand of the stranger gently drew her to her feet almost against her will, and led her between them down by the brook-side until they came to a flower-girdled path over which they passed to a grove of trees in the midst of which stood a shining white building. At the entrance of this home waited with outstretched hands a motherly-looking woman of perhaps forty years whose face fairly beamed upon the trembling figure of humble Betsey Brown.

(To be continued.)

ERIE, MICH. July 6, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

You will receive two dollars by express to pay for one year's subscription for BETTER WAY. The money was handed to me by Levi Lewis to whom you will please send the paper. His address is; Samaria, Monroe county, Michigan. He is an old man and has had an experience with Spiritualism for about thirty-eight years, which qualifies him to appreciate the good things which go to make up your valuable paper. He has for many years had public meetings at his house or in his neighborhood, the last of which was held in his grove on the 24th of June, Mrs. Palmer, from Deerfield, Mich., and Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Blakeley, from Toledo, also Mrs. Owen, from Mass., were the mediums present.

The exercises were good, consisting of lectures and readings from handkerchiefs handed by the audience to Mrs. Jameson after she was controlled. The tests given were satisfactory and they with the good things brought forth in the lectures will doubtless cause some who were present to forget for a time the apple story and think of something better.

Mr. Lewis with his aged and estimable companion are nearing the other shore, but need no ministrations of priests nor consolation of divines, for they have met with evidences enough to satisfy them in regard to the hereafter, and what is usually considered the King of Terrors is regarded by them as only one of nature's laws, which gives to every man a new experience that is necessary in the eternal progression of the soul.

Yours for truth,
CYRUS BRADFORD.

Walter Howell Abroad.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 16th, 1888.
To the Editor of The Better Way.

Many of your readers will be interested to know something of my visit to Europe. My friends and self left as pre-arranged, on May 12th, by the steamship City of Berlin. The voyage was somewhat tedious, owing to being stuck in the mud for twelve hours before getting over the bar, fogs off the American coast, a severe storm north of the "Devil's Hole," and dense fogs again off the shores of Ireland. So foggy was it, indeed, that we did not find Queenstown at all. However, we got safely to Liverpool. After spending a few days in the northwest of England, during which time I spoke twice in the city of Bradford, we commenced our tour through the northwest of England. The delightful scenery of Derbyshire enchanted my friends. The beautiful surroundings of the old Roman city, Bath, with its majestic hills and ancient relics, constituted, for a few days, a centre of enjoyment. The old town of Warminster, with its rustic inhabitants, clean streets, and rural scenery, was a refreshing change from that of fashionable Bath. From this point we visited the magnificent estate of the Marquis of Bath, drove through the parks, walked through the gardens, and viewed the interior of the spacious mansion, Longleath House. One curious feature of this mansion is that it has just three hundred and sixty-five windows, so its inmates have a medium of light for every day in the year. Language would fail to give an adequate description of this lovely spot. Far from the busy haunts of men, where the din of commerce vibrates upon the ear, and the curling smoke from myriads of chimneys intercepts God's good sunlight and makes impure the air, this residence of the Marquis is situated. Truly, "the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places," and he has a goodly heritage. It makes one almost sigh to be a marquis. Pardon this invocation in the direction of an autocracy in the land where the democratic spirit reigns supreme, barring the occasions when some penniless prince, with a title not worth a mill-dam, marries a daughter of a New York millionaire.

The little village of Horningsham, situated southeast of the mansion, with its quaint old ivied church, thatched cottages, vine-clad walls and clinging honeysuckles, quaint old inn and merry little children playing upon the village green, gives one an idea of country life in England that is not without its poetry. Sheerwater, a lovely little lake (within the boundaries of the Marquis of Bath's estate), with its wooded surroundings relieved by lilac trees, golden chain, balsam and rhododendron bushes, and its well-kept lawns, complete the circuit of a day's excursion, as a picnic party returns toward Warminster via that route.

After leaving Warminster, we visited the old city of Salisbury, gazed on its magnificent cathedral, boasting the tallest spire in the United Kingdom. Here the remains of many English worthies are deposited. Peace to their ashes. About twelve miles from Salisbury, out on the open plain, may be found a historic group of stones, the supposed ruins of some Druidic or probably Buddhist temple. It is indeed remarkable how such huge blocks could have been conveyed to that spot. The stones are not indigenous to the locality, and must have been brought from a great distance. They form nearly a circle within a circle, and though the exact design is unknown, yet it is arranged in such a manner as obviously to represent astronomical or astrological position. There is one stone whose shadow, on the 21st day of June is the most perfect register of time, but only on that morning does the shadow register mathematically correct. On a little mound, a short distance from the mass of stones, is one solitary stone in a slanting position. Near this stone is an indentation in the soil, which tradition says is the imprint of a holy monk's heel, and on his approach toward the precincts of the heathen temple, tradition says the devil seized one of the blocks of granite and hurled it at the monk. It fell short of crushing the holy father, as all his Satanic Majesty's assaults must, and there stands the stone, and there the indentations of the monk's heel to "witness if I lie."

After visiting this place, we returned to Salisbury and by way of Bath of Bristol, took a general view of the suburbs to this old city, Clifton Suspension Bridge, sea walls, Sneyd Park, Cook's Folly, the Cave Temple, and many places of interest. Next in order were the Cheddar Cliffs, with their world-renowned caves, where the most massive and most delicate stalactites and stalagmites are to be seen. The

fantastic shapes these assume are indeed wonderful, and when one considers the length of time it has taken for these to form by aqueous deposit, the old notion of the age of the world becomes obsolete. In striking some of these stalactites we found they were perfectly musical, and, according to their dimension, gave out clear and well defined harmonious vibration. In one chamber alone we found a combination that would almost complete a peal of bells.

Our next point of interest was the City of London. Your readers are sufficiently familiar with its lions to obviate the necessity of saying anything in reference to them in detail. Suffice it then to say that we visited the Bank of England (not for the purpose of breaking in); St. Paul's Cathedral (thus going from the House of Mammon to the House of God); the National Art Gallery; Westminster Abbey; the Houses of Parliament; Buckingham Palace; the British Museum; Crystal Palace; the Niagara Falls Exhibition; the Tower of London; Mme. Tussaud's Wax Works, and James Burns' Spiritual Institute, 15 South Hampton Row, and many other places in the great metropolis, ere we took our departure for Paris.

I must not occupy your space with a lengthy description of our continental tour, but will give, in as condensed a manner as possible, a brief outline. Our trip to Paris and Versailles embraced an entrance to museums, art galleries, imperial palaces, magnificent churches, notably the church of Notre Dame, (the burial place of Victor Hugo, and other renowned men of France), the village where Gambetta died; different monuments, terra cotta works, potteries, tapestry works, parks, principal avenues, magnificent gardens; imperial stables where emperors' carriages and harness are kept; places of historic interest and the like made up a round of ceaseless sight-seeing.

From Paris we went to Basle; from Basle to Schaffhausen or Rhine Falls. Thence to the Black Forest, the source of the Danube, and several places of interest in Germany, returning by way of Switzerland, and visiting the cities of Zurich, Lucerne, and Interlachen. We drove from Lucerne to Interlachen, a good fifteen hours' drive, through a most mountainous region of Switzerland, opening at every curve some picturesque landscape. Ever and anon the frowning rocks and overhanging peaks would close in around us and seem so terribly to say: "So far shalt thou go, and no farther," and lo, an unexpected curve in the road would bring us to an opening where a land of fairy-like enchantment would burst upon our vision. Snow-capped mountains with their glaciers rearing their hoary heads to the blue sky, that seemed to bend gracefully and caress them. I think I never enjoyed a drive so much or found the time passing so rapidly as that long summer's day, that was not long enough. Interlachen is a lovely little spot situated between two lakes, hence its name: Interlachen. From this place the regions of eternal snow may be seen in the bosom of the Diana of the Swiss mountains, Jungfrau. A five hours' drive from Interlachen up the mountain brought us to the hotel where we left our carriage. After luncheon we engaged mountain ponies to take us up the pass, climbing as far as the ponies could take us. The rest of the journey among the glaciers is made on foot. Here a lovely ice grotto may be found, and in mid summer little boys and girls play snow-ball with each other. In this mountain region the echo phenomenon is an interesting one. For instance, the firing off of a cannon will produce vibrations. The peaks are converted in a kind of microphone, and magnify sound; and as these waves create for themselves larger circles the phenomenon of thunder imitation is produced. From the firing off of one cannon a long and loud reverberation, resembling a clap of thunder, will be heard; or the blowing of a rude horn with but few notes, when manipulated by those who are accustomed to it, will form a pretty duet.

After spending some time here, we descended, re-mounted our ponies and continued the downward career. Again reaching the hotel, we took our carriage and turned to Interlachen. From this city we made our way to Thun lake, a sail on whose waters is a delightful trip. From the City of Thun we went to Bern. From Bern to Basle, from Basle to Bologne, from thence to Calais across the English channel and directly to London. A few more days of English traveling and we found ourselves again upon the landing-stage of Liverpool, saying good-bye to friends amid the waving of handkerchiefs, ringing of bells and blowing of whistles.

After a long and stormy voyage across the Atlantic we arrived in New York on Sunday evening, July 8, about 7 o'clock. On Saturday, the 21st of July, I shall be at Casadaga (all being well) ready to grasp the hands of many of my American friends. I am full of engagements until the close of the year 1888. Shall be glad to receive calls to speak during 1889. An early application will receive immediate attention.

Yours fraternally,
WALTER HOWELL.
Letters may be addressed: 248 North Division Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

St. Louis, Mo.

Editor Better Way,

I had an invitation extended to me to attend a seance given by Prof. Peters at his rooms No. 1308 Olive Street. It was stated that Prof. J. E. Mikeswell, the renowned physical medium and independent slate-writer was to lend his mediumship. There were eight persons present, and as the standing of the psychics is unquestionable, the expectations of those present were fully gratified; in fact, their only regret seemed to be that more were not there to enjoy the rich treat bestowed upon them.

The seance opened by pellet-reading by Prof. Peters, and all that were read were pronounced correct by the one who wrote the same. The dark circle was then formed by placing on the table the following: 1 tambourine, 1 mouth-harmonicon, 1 telescope trumpet, 1 tin trumpet, 1 zither, and 1 closed slate. We were then told to catch each by the left wrist and to hold tight, and those that held the medium were specially instructed to do so. The light being put out the seance began by singing "Sweet bye and bye". While singing the spirits could be plainly heard joining in with us through the trumpets. After singing, the zither, tambourine and mouth-harmonicon were all carried around the room while being played upon at the same time, and during the playing the spirits seemed to be holding high carnival judging from the way they were talking thro' the trumpets. Spirit-lights could be plainly seen, and most all present were touched by spirit-hands. We were all fanned during the seance (which was highly appreciated, it being very warm) by our spirit-friends.

Most of those present carried on conversation with their spirit friends through the trumpet—Mrs. Pierie and Mrs. Stienman being especially favored in that respect. During a moments silence a spirit with a gruff masculine voice said through the trumpet that "Nearer my God to Thee" must be sung, and while singing it we were accompanied by the spirit through the trumpet. The spirits at this stage began to throw the articles off the table and finally turned the table upside-down, and then put the things near it. The seance then closed when the light was lit and the following message found written upon the slate: "We are all here and God bless you all.—J. Cramer, S. M. Bruner, Eva Lyle, Mary Smith, Parker Pierie, Samuel Sides, Nellie Jones, Harvey."

The above names were all recognized by those present as names of their spirit-friend. This closed a most remarkable seance; all who had the pleasure of attending pronounced it grand and regretted that more did not avail themselves of so rare a treat. Prof. Peters expects to be in Cincinnati in a week or so, and will call upon you and will be pleased to meet skeptics. Prof. Mikeswell leaves to-day for Vicksburg, Michigan, to be present at the camp-meeting at that place.

Yours for the truth,
MILTON LYLE.

July 16, '88.

Fiat Justitia.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In the last issue of your paper were two acknowledgements of messages in which I was given credit for having sent these communications. I am wholly unconscious when any message is given by King Henry, he using my entire organism, and my friends tell me he dictates messages in his own voice, which is a very deep one. True, I am when conscious often clairvoyant and clairaudient, but as yet no message has been sent to THE BETTER WAY through me, King Henry has done all the work. I cannot be said to have a share in that of which I am totally unconscious. My body is given up to him, and he, not I, uses it. I make this statement because I cannot conscientiously take that credit which is not mine, but entirely due humanity's friend, Henry the Eighth. Once more, please, I am only King Henry's medium; he does the work. Please publish this, as it will relieve my mind of what seems to me like acting an untruth. I will hold the pen and sign my own name.*

HELEN MARK CAMPBELL.
*Miss Campbell is wholly blind.

Maxims from Ingersoll.

Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling. Without that they fall, and, groveling, die in weeds and dust. Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Mediocrity touched with ambition flatters the base and calumniate the great, while the true patriot who will do neither is often sacrificed.

Written for The Better Way.

LIFE.

MRS. RACHEL M. BAYLIS.

'Tis a life of meeting and parting,
'Tis a life of joy and pain,
'Tis a life of sunshine and shadow,
'Tis a life of frost and rain.

But back of all seeming,
Back of life's dreaming,
Is there not the Divine?
Yes; back of all seeming,
And back of life's dreaming,
There is the Divine.

But why the meeting and parting?
O why the joy and the pain?
O why the sunshine and the shadow?
And why the frost and the rain?

There comes o'er me stealing,
What time is revealing,
That, back of all changing,
We shall feel the Divine.

The inward impelling,
From every heart welling,
Reveals the propelling
From out the Divine.

We can find rare gems in life's pathway,
And beauty adorns even dull care,
And the glow of a love in all being
Gives light to the feet everywhere.

And out from life's rifting,
And out from life's slitting,
Comes forth the uplifting
From out the Divine;

The upward out marching,
In everything lurking,
Reveals the impelling
From out the Divine.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Spiritualism, What Relation It Bears to Truth in Its Entirety.

By Spirit S. B. Britton through J. C. Franklin.

Spiritualism, so-called, when viewed from a spiritual or interior standpoint means much more than even Spiritualists themselves as a rule apprehend. Spirit in its broadest sense, being defined by the highest wisdom in the supernatural spheres to be "that indescribable activity which permeates every form of matter and controls every action of mind." Therefore Spiritualism is in brief that form of spiritual potency or power that recognizes its claims as affecting the character of religious thought as well as life of those who accept its claims as being legitimate. But Spiritualism in its broadest sense means a means of spiritual enlightenment in reference to the claims of truth, untainted by erroneous teachings that are the result of ignorance or undevelopment, or what is still more deplorable, willful misdirection to keep the human mind bound down to some unnatural claim, not in harmony with either truth or an enlightened reason not biased by education, that is detrimental to the unrestricted play of the intuitive faculties that are innate in the soul-natures of every human being, implanted there at the moment of conception, even though they should remain inactive in the individual personality until long after it reaches spirit life, because of preconceived ideas in the mind of the mother while unfolding the germ of an immortal soul beneath her bosom.

O what a fearful reckoning comes to those who know the truth, but for purposes of self-aggrandizement still continue to clog the human mind, to thus disqualify it for developing the clear-seeing capacity known as the intuitive or spiritual.

Thus Spiritualism becomes an eye-opener to all reasoning minds as soon as the material is thrown off and the spiritual perceptions assert their right to think their own thoughts and act in harmony with them as far, and as fast as they are qualified to do so, and not interfere with the rights of others.

Since I have taken up my residence on this side of life I've often met those who differed from me in religious convictions; and it has been sometimes almost amusing to note their looks of surprise when they come to find a world as real as the one they had just left, and no "God" or "Savior" to welcome them with his dignified presence on the one hand, and no crucified "Redeemer" to "wash away their guilty stains" on the other.

But such is life to those who are taught to lean on some one else for support, when the truth is they have got to lean on themselves, in harmony with its immutable laws, before they can find true happiness anywhere. And the more perfectly they are taught to live in harmony with its claims before they pass out of the form, the less disappointment they will be compelled to meet afterwards.

Knowing this to be true by personal experience as well as observation, I am in duty bound to labor diligently to aid in opening the eyes of as many as possible before they come to spirit life, that I may thus aid in doing away with human sorrow and suffering. But as all suffering does not come of either mental or spiritual misdirection, Spiritualism comes to educate human nature so that it can claim its prerogative, and not meet at every step a resistance to its legitimate or normal activity, whether it pertains to physical, social or sexual needs and necessities, to thus lay a proper foundation for mental and spiritual harmony. There is so little light on the subject that it must of necessity take time to correct the error and misdirection of centuries. But it must be done before moral accountability can come into the processes of nature, and thus do away with diseases, early decay and death, to say nothing of vice and crime, so rampant in the world to-day.

Could I have known what I now do

before I passed out of the form I might have done at least something to turn the tide of human thought into legitimate channels pertaining to social and sexual well-being. But as I was blind to the fact that sex-love might be a means of spiritual enlightenment as well as to reproduce man's own likeness, to say nothing of passionate indulgence, that may be useful if conditions are respected as they should be, to secure any temporary or permanent good results by giving exercise to the emotional nature that can but be pleasurable if conditions and relations are what nature or nature's law designed they should be, therefore happyfying to those who call them into exercise.

But it is not my province to labor in this peculiar field of use, more than to indicate that I am interested in its full and clear elucidation. But more competent minds must treat this delicate subject in such a way that it can but carry conviction to all reasoning minds whether belonging to either men or women. So I turn my thought in another direction, viz: why Spiritualism comes as an educator at this particular time in the history of the world.

The tendency of the age is to reject all authority save that which pertains to individual inclination in any given direction. This is all contrary to human law, but still more out of joint with divine or truthful claims. Human lawlessness is but the other extreme of human enactments that cripple if not destroy individual happiness; often individual health so necessary to true enjoyment.

I have lived in spirit life but a few short years, but long enough to learn this fact, viz: that the human mind is subservient to the human will of those who know how to use it. Although it is not of the human will unspiritualized that I propose to speak, it has its healthful uses, if directed in such a way as to educate as well as direct, which is not always the case, where the moral sense is blunted by ignorance or misdirection; often both.

Its lawful exercise is where there is both design and desire; to direct the mind in such a way that it shall be brought more and more into harmony with nature, therefore truthful claims.

The human will spiritualized is qualified to operate on subtle elemental forces in such a way that it cannot be resisted with any show of success, unless those operating are on the same plane of development. And even then it cannot do so, unless both are positive, and therefore there is a resistance until the more positive of the two overcomes the resisting power of the less. I have watched the operations of this power of mind over mind with peculiar interest, but could not seem to be able to get at the root of the matter, until after I came to spirit life.

Mental electricity is to the human mind what heat is to solids, viz: a disintegrator or at least a liquifier, rendering it plastic and easily moulded into any desired form or consistency. Especially is this so where mental electricity is united with spiritual magnetism, the counterpart of mental electricity. Both being the origin of thought-force; and thought-force is capable of being moulded into any form of thought that the human will may desire, if the will is strong enough to overcome the educational bias, ere it makes any effort.

This law or power of mind over mind is termed psychology by material scientists; but here in spirit life it is called spiritual illumination, because those possessing this power are familiar with the operations of law, as it pertains to mind reading or mental acumen. I have tried many times to use this medium's brain, unaided and alone, but have never been able to do so, and for this reason: her will-power is stronger than mine. So strong that it takes a combination of will-power to overcome its individual resistance to influences not in harmony with individual thought.

So whenever I write anything through her brain—impressibility, I have to call to my aid the assistance of others who are interested in what I desire to impart. No longer ago than this very afternoon I made the effort, but without success, and for this reason: she had set her heart on accomplishing a piece of work in a given time, and would not give way to have me control her brain, or rather a spirit force that she recognized as operating on it for some purpose. But as she could resist it, she did so, although had she been made clearly conscious that it was my wish to go on with my treatise, she would have yielded her individuality to my control, being interested in what I am bringing forward for her edification as well as others. But as she was not, she kept at work; manual work, instead of either mental or spiritual.

This will-power is necessary in any one, chosen to step out of the usual line of activity, therefore, while I'm glad she has it, I am crippled in my capacity to operate on her brain, as I would be so glad to do; i.e. unaided and alone, because I love to feel independent of others. Especially is this so, when I desire to express my thoughts on any subject so engrossing as that, which pertains to the human mind. A subject that occupied much of my thought ere I passed out of the form, as is well-known by my most intimate friends, to say the least.

But rather than not reach material life at all, I am determined to do the best I can, even though I have to ask the aid of one, who in earth life I did not consider my equal in either mental capacity or true morality. I mean none other than D. M. Bennett, the founder of the Truth Seeker, a paper that, up to the present hour, has never been just to Spiritualism, even though it does sometimes admit the articles of Spiritualism into its columns. This man's reception into spirit-life was an oration, while mine was meager indeed by the side of it.

Does any one ask why? then I am in duty bound to tell the naked truth. His fearlessness, honor and honesty, was superior to mine; and added to this he had no desire to be thought learned, only aiming to be sincere and truthful, in harmony with his convictions.

O brother and sister reformers! would you make a strong appeal to those you desire to benefit, live in harmony with the reforms you teach, and thus unite example with precept continually.

Had I done this, as well as did D. M. Bennett, I should not now be compelled by higher and wiser spheres of thought and activity to make this very humiliating confession.

For let no one suppose that D. M. Bennett desires that I should make this statement, but higher spheres of thought compel it, that I may thus warn others, who, as I did, are seeking the world's approval at the expense of truthful claims.

When I first met D. M. Bennett in spirit-life, I was astonished at the beauty and harmony of his spirit nature. And without stopping for me to speak to him, he came forward and invited me to his beautiful home. And when I reached it I was surprised at the simplicity and, at the same time, beauty that made itself manifest on every side.

It is well-known to many in earth life that homes in spirit-life are the result of individual efforts while still residing on the material side, and thus we can read the life-record of any one by their surroundings, as well as by their spiritual development.

Every man, woman and child, has to pass for just what they are worth in soul culture or development, there being no power to hide mental, moral or spiritual defects from the searching eyes of spirits who love and live the truth.

This class of spirits, being chosen to analyze the character of every one who enters spirit life that own to be interested in truthful claims, or in other words, the claims of truth untarnished by error's reasoning way.

Thus brother and sister reformers; are you compelled to see yourselves as others know you to be, whether you perceive that you have glaring defects of character or not.

"Truth knows no favorites" it has been often stated in this work, but I could not realize its truth very clearly until I was made to both see and feel, that it was a self-evident proposition or axiom, that could not be gain-said, the fact standing out in all its self-accurring reliability.

Brother and sister, Spiritualists; thus are you brought face to face with the solemn fact, that no unjust action, or even unholy thought, can be concealed from the eye of those who read the hidden record of your lives, by themselves it has upon your mental, moral and spiritual consciousness or personality, after you have stepped out of the form, that concealed much from the eyes of others, while it still clung to you as a covering to your interior nature or development. Or to use a Bible phrase, "the Book of Life."

Many Spiritualists as well as materialists, have turned their backs on the Bible, because they could not accept the "plan of salvation" that the Christian priesthood claim to find therein.

But still they'll find when they come to spirit-life, if not before, that their is much of truth mixed up with the error that is also found within it.

The many beautiful symbols it contains have a spiritual meaning; the trouble with the clergy has been they interpreted them to suit themselves and thus dazed the human mind with error instead of brightening or lightening it up with truth only. And they still continue to do so, I am sorry to say, because I am here to tell the truth.

The "hell" of the Christian as well as the "heaven" is here in spirit life. But instead of being a literal "lake of fire," wherein sinners are all the while consumed without being consumed, is internal suffering because of conscious unworthiness. And "heaven" is also here being the opposite of hell. Happiness being the natural result of internal harmony in thought as well as action.

I have passed through its consuming fires, and now am trying to earn the right to enjoy the happiness that will come to all when they get rid of selfishness and self-seeking, not in harmony with the claims of truth. It is the duty of everyone to try to develop their selfhood, but not at the expense of others' rightful claims.

O the day of reckoning that is coming to the millionaire or any one who hoards up the necessities of life for selfish, personal considerations, thus depriving others perhaps far more worthy of that which would aid in doing good, not only to themselves and their families but to the world at large. I have seen this recently made manifest, or exemplified in the case of Wm. H. Vanderbilt. His present condition is deplorable indeed, and for this reason: he not only clearly perceives what he has brought upon himself, but he also sees that he has entailed a curse on his children, one that cannot be removed but by intense sorrow, suffering and remorse, perhaps privation. For in the quickly passing years all those who cannot be brought to see the needs of others without, will be compelled to taste the bitterness of absolute want, until they are schooled by dear-bought experience to realize what it is and thus become qualified to do as they would wish to be done by, or in other words make practical The Golden Rule of life.

If the picture I draw for those to look at who are pulled up with pride or self-conceit of any kind or character, although not culpably wicked as the world looks at those who state their characters with vice and crime, is not at all true, please bear in mind it is one I know to be true from experience as well as observation. And this brings me to make another statement equally true, viz: that there is much that passes for virtue on the material side of life

that is only vice legalized. But as another spiritually enlightened individual, Audubon, the naturalist, will discuss this subject at considerable length later on, I will only say in conclusion that Spiritualism sustains the same relation to truth in its entirety that nature sustains to divinity, is its unfoldment, or to use a common figure of speech, the counterpart of divinity, therefore "the spirit of truth" itself, which being properly defined in harmony with the best light of the spiritual spheres means no more and no less than "correct statement in reference to any fact in science, any principle in philosophy, or any truth in nature." In short "the soul of things."

I am informed by higher or wiser spirit communications that the one I am now associated with, viz., "The Spiritual Congress of Nations," that are "Spiritual Science" is concluded, I will be permitted to use this medium's brain—impressibility again, but not until she is better qualified by harmonious and happyfying associations to express her own selfhood, without being controlled to give the thoughts of others only.

Friends of truth everywhere, a treat rich and rare is before you. But you must wait for some very important changes to take place in society, as well as in government, ere it can or will come to you.

"The armies of heaven with marshaling chorus,
Are descending on wings of salvation to bless us,
Give thanks, O ye nations, and swell the glad anthem."
For Wisdom is coming with songs of redemption,
From sin, sorrow and suffering, so let it be.

An Incident.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

A few weeks since I attended a materialization seance at Mrs. Winan's, at Shelbyville, Ind. There were about forty spirits in all came.

Dr. Hiram Comstock, of Smithland, who had recently passed away, came to the cabinet door and saluted the crowd. He was recognized by all in the room. I myself was an intimate friend of his. He was distinctly himself, and said:

"What a lie they told on me. They say I said before I passed away that 'Spiritualism would do to live by but would not do to die by.' I say it will do to live and die by. And I say that was a lie, a church lie."

Of course this was done for the purpose of setting himself right, and for the cause of Spiritualism. He was, I know, a firm believer in spirit return though he held his membership in the Radical Methodist church, and a preacher of that denomination on the Sabbath following the Doctor's demise delivered a sermon against Spiritualism in which he made the assertion to which the materialized Doctor alluded.

SHELLEY Co., July 10. H. SMITH.

Converted.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

From boyhood I was a hard disbeliever in God, devil, heaven, hell, or spirits. When boarding at the house of Mrs. Willits, in Iowa, shortly after the advent of Modern Spiritualism, she asked me if I had read anything of it, and what I thought of it. My answer was, in substance, that I took no stock in it, which silenced the lady and debarred me from gaining any further knowledge on the subject from that source. But since that time my obtuseness on that subject has been many a time sharpened upon the grindstone of experience. In numerous ways have my senses been awakened to the fact that death does not end all.

Within the range of physical manifestations I have seen tables rap out intelligent answers and keep time to music. Many a time, at the dead hour of night, have I raised from my bed to investigate matters, expecting, by the sounds, to find tables upset, dishes broken, and chests, chairs and boxes in disorder and confusion, but always found everything straight.

I have never witnessed any independent slate-writing, but have, scores of times, witnessed the hand of an unconscious child write out diagnoses of diseases and their remedies that surpassed the knowledge of many M. D.s. I have also seen the same hand make phrenological examinations of heads; showing the exact locality of the different organs, marking their size and giving conclusive evidence that a well-matured and well-posted mind was engineering the proceedings. I have seen that same child thrown under spirit control, when walking was almost an impossibility, and made to talk in Indian and other tongues, and dance for an hour or two and then to return to consciousness perfectly free from ailment.

When camped alone on the open prairie, in broad daylight, I have seen a tall, full-formed man stand by the side of my wagon within three feet of my face.

I have seen my wife, sick with a tumor, lie for sixty days, unable to retain food, drink or medicine, and given up by both family and doctors to die, relieved and restored by a laying-on of hands by a spiritual medium.

In Memphis I have seen one man enter a cabinet containing none but himself, and within two hours a score or more of old and young, large and small persons presented themselves at the aperture, many of whom were recognized as friends and relatives deceased.

In Topeka I have seen a man enter an empty room (4x6) and immediately after many males and females of different ages, sizes and features make themselves visible within that room. And I have heard one of them talk in a loud whisper while I was looking at the medium and know that his lips were not moving.

These are not all the things that I have seen, but perhaps all that our good editor would be willing to let his readers see; and I am no longer a disbeliever in spirits.

COMMINGS.

Synopsis of King Henry VIII's Lecture—Wednesday Evening, February 4, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

On the evening of the above date, we were again privileged to listen to a very deep and wonderful lecture from "King Henry VIII." With hesitancy I essay to talk of it, so far-reaching and beyond my memory; but I much desire and will try to give you, at least a faint idea of some of the thoughts that were embodied in its stately perfection. He told us there were probably five thousand and spirit guests present, which with the twenty-three mortals, made, indeed, a very well-filled room.

He casually remarked that each person present, had brought twenty spirit-friends. His subject was Spiritual Education.

After a courteous and kind welcome, he said: "There are some present whom I have never yet met. As a test of that assertion, I give the following: A very refined and highly educated lady (in the spirit-life), was said to have been the guide of a young man of earth-life. To have always been near and with him, watching over and influencing him, and constantly familiar with his thoughts and actions. Again, on one occasion was said: 'We have never met!' This seemed contradictory. It was true, however. To meet another means (in the good old English), to shake hands, or mutually converse, or speak.

"For example; You visit some church habitually; you see, recognize, (and may be much interested in and for), some other individual. You even pass each other many times; but never having spoken together, or shaken hands in mutual recognition, you have never met.

"There are some here whom I shall 'meet' to-night for the first time, although I have long had knowledge of, and often seen them. To those who were not clairvoyant, he wished to pronounce the fact that it was "Henry VIII" now talking! The little instrument, Miss Campbell, was not there. It was, evidently, neither her mind, neither her voice, nor her language.

"The several clairvoyants present, could see for themselves. I am in spirit life now, and not afraid to speak very plainly. Society life of to-day is superficial and a mockery. The fashionable world meet each other in the street, or the salon, with about the following:

"Remarks upon the last party; 'the costumes that were displayed; 'the latest sensation or addition to the envied clique; and the next party or lunch on the tapis.' With such flippant gossip, do women come together and waste their opportunities for good.

"And in immodest and insufficient apparel, do women appear in the midst of the vain, trifling, and sneering crowd. Woman is the great 'educator.' She may be a curse, or a blessing in the world. With her rests the responsibility of the young lives given her to educate and to love. It is a terrible sin to neglect that holy duty, or to transfer your obligation to another. Women! you make your children what they are! They believed in, and looked to you implicitly. Home is the sanctuary; woman the priestess.

"In the drawing room she should reign with gentle, quiet grace. She should reach out to uplift those around her, to higher things. Be earnest and helpful, as well as entertaining in conversation; while extending a glad, warm sympathy! Ye men! avoid the gambling table! Avoid all places of questionable repute! Make no acquaintance that would not hold woman in violation, even as a mother or a sister! Reason and impulse, oftentimes go in opposite directions.

"A man can reason himself to think almost anything is right! Not the churches are at fault, but the preachers. Not the flocks, but the shepherds bring disaster. I dethroned the Pope, not the church. I still love the old church. Like society, the education of to-day is extremely superficial. And although the midnight oil is lavishly consumed, yet what availeth it? And as for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, is it not largely a failure? Do not many men endeavor to interpret the grand inspirations of the great musicians, so distort them as to be almost beyond the recognition of the soul who first gave them expression?

"Also the great gift of oratory and elocution. How few make it their own; but how many unnatural, affected attempts are made, and with no practical knowledge of rhetoric in its great bearing upon a language."

While unable to retain the eloquent, and stately diction of "King Henry," whose superb command of the English language is unrivaled, yet the spiritual significance becomes apparent, and the thought of the latent powers and possibilities, pleasurable, profitable and progressive of a thorough knowledge of any tongue, in a high form of expression. He classified the subject of Spiritual Education into three divisions: Spiritual Morality; Spiritual Intelligence; Spiritual Adaptation. Spiritual Morality includes good thoughts in the highest sense, as well as morals.

With the fearlessness of a spirit, he intended to make an assertion that would startle those to whom he now appealed. Young ladies you may be the cause of many a murder! This is a fact.

Now listen! By having thoughts of envy, malice and jealousy. Your thoughts may reach out until transferred to another, they assume the form of hatred and then crime. Think of it! Have only pure, loving thoughts, from which may emanate a pure, true life.

Spiritual intellectuality covers the deepest and highest metaphysics. I present this truth to you; God is in everything. In evil that good may come out of it. God is in you. Ponder upon these truths!

Spiritual Adaptation. Sanctify your lives and efforts? You are all medial! Do you realize that? And each have the control of your own bodies. They are gifts from God, made in his image and likeness. Given to be exalted and pure. For you, all things are possible! You have now two bodies, the spiritual and the material, while I have only one. He then invoked upon his enraptured audience the richest blessing of the eternal God.

This report is only a sketch of the elaborate and valuable lecture of more than one hour, and scarcely touched upon here. While the inspiration lingers, the words fall me. He invited questions. A gentleman asked: "If in his day, he knew anything of theosophy or its teachers?" King Henry replied that "in his day, miracles or wonders were performed by the fathers and in the church."

He said there were, during his time (the middle ages), wonderful cures etc. The occult was then in the ascendency. In other words, that which is to-day called theosophy. He then proposed occultism as the subject of his next lecture, generously extending a welcome to all present. He also gave a timely and unexpected suggestion, or word of advice to a few of his guests, regarding some personal interest or experience read by him. I must not fail to note a little incident during the social moments. A boy of eight years, (and a devoted admirer of "King Henry"), had seen, clairvoyantly, his faithful horse "Dexter," and sent to him a small painting, by his own hand, of the fine animal.

"King Henry" pronounced it good, and just as the little lad saw him, we were all permitted to see the delineation. Reluctantly the guests separated, keenly anticipating the next feast of good thoughts from the kind and noble spirit "King Henry VIII."

LUCIE AMELIA ALLEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1888.

Written for The Better Way.

Spiritual Advancement.

What a change there has been in human thought within the last fifty years. It has been gradual from year to year and almost imperceptible but no less thorough. Spiritualism has had a broadening and lightening effect upon the minds that study its philosophy. It teaches us that the different forms of religion are not the necessary passports into heaven. It teaches us that one denomination may occupy as exalted a position in spirit life as another if only the worshipper is as sincere and correct in daily life.

It is Spiritualism that gives the only clear explanation to the Bible. Take Spiritualism or the spiritual part from the Bible and the rest is a dead letter. Let a person rise up in this half of the nineteenth century and declare Spiritualism false and one-half the world would say he was mistaken and it would be necessary for him to retract or say he had not investigated, in order to quiet the furor that would be raised about his ears, which goes to show the rapid growth and strength caused by the change in human thought.

The cowardice of the human being causes him to deny that which is unpopular, but thousands upon thousands put their trust in Spiritualism who do not openly declare it. It is the mourner's comfort. Loving wives and husbands, who are called to part from each other, take heart from the comfort that Spiritualism affords. Fond mothers derive their only consolation from it, when suddenly parted from loved children. It gives strength to the weary toiler in his daily duties.

He who is prone to err finds strength from a full reliance upon the unseen and he knows that if he fall they do not desert him, but help him to grow strong until he is able to withstand temptation, like the little child learning to walk, as often as he falls he is placed upon his feet again with encouraging word, until he has gained strength to go alone.

The spiritual part of man rises to the surface in proportion as it is fed from the unseen forces, and the oftener he invites their presence, the more familiar they become, until they have softened, toned down and rounded out his nature, so that his presence is elevating and purifying and is marked by the most superficial observer.

Yours for truth and advancement.

GUSTIE F. HOWE.

ONSET, July 9, 1888.

Stray Thoughts.

Intuition is the soul's intelligence acting independent of the brain.

Inspiration is the action of a spirit on the soul-nature of a mortal.

Impression is the action of a spirit on the brain of a mortal.

Charity is the desire to overlook human error. Love is the desire to see the good only.

Spiritism is the science of immortality. Spiritualism is the philosophy of the same.

Life is absolute existence-causation. Matter is the relative effect. The combination is material life—sensation, action, desire. Immortality is the above individualized.

Truth is that which we know by experience. Faith is truth felt—reliable as impression, abstract as intuition. To follow the latter, therefore, we cannot go astray, as it is the soul's direct rapport with life or causation. Love aids the latter, and those who have the most charity have the finest sense of intuition, or independent soul-action—material life in accord with universal life or causation, God.

A. F. M.



Child of the Angel Wing.

"Oh! sing me a song, as I fall asleep,
Said a little one with a lustrous eye,
"Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep
In the bright green woods that reach the sky—
That peep in the spring, when the birds sing,
And the heavens are blue as our Kellie's eyes;
Or tell of the child with the angel wing
Who walks in the garden of Paradise."

I sang him the song—I told him the tale,
And watched by his couch till he thought he
Asleep,
For his cheek was white as the moonbeams pale,
That stealthily and bright near his pillow crept;
Then my words grew few and my voice sank low,
And I said, "In thy dreams may angels sing,"
But he whispered soft, as I rose to go—
"Oh! tell of the child of the angel wing."

Then I sang again, but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he mildly spoke,
And a burning red in his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke;
But he spoke no more of the spring's bright flowers,
And he spoke no more of his sister's eyes;
One name alone, in his feverish hours,
Was breathed in a whisper that pierced the skies.

"My mother!" he said, and his eyes waxed dim,
For the sense with their wavering lustre fled,
And he never knew that she knelt by him
Whose sun went down at his dying bed.
He has gone where the seraphs sweetly sing—
His story was brief as the sunset day;
He walks with the child of the angel wing,
In the flowery gardens of Paradise.

—BERNICE S. NICHOLS.

Treatment of Owls.

A rural acquaintance of mine, who enjoys trifling with old superstitions, has a pair of owls which he keeps on his piazza summer and winter. He enjoys the strange noises which they make at night; and instead of attributing them to weird influences, assumes that they are due to hunger or indigestion on the part of the birds of wisdom. At all events, he claims that by supplying the owls with raw meat and Jamaica ginger they relapse into silence for the night.—Boston Post.

Rad Companions.

A story is told of a gentleman who had a splendid singing canary. A friend wanted to see if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it and placed it in the cage with the sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back, but still it would not sing. It then occurred to him to put it beside any canary which sang well. This had the desired effect, and, regaining the old note, it sang as well as ever.

A Parrot that Prays.

A family living near a church owns a very bright parrot. Every evening the bells of the church ring the "Angelus," and recently one of the little girls of the family was taught to recite the appropriate prayer at the sound of the bells. The parrot watched her carefully, and the other evening, at the first sound of the chimes, dropped to the bottom of the cage, put down his head and said the first few words of the prayer. He has kept this up ever since and is adding other words of the prayer as the little girl teaches them to him.—Chicago News.

The Cotton Plant.

What a royal plant it is! The world waits in attendance on its growth. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth. The sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of all people. The frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars is noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian outposts. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. Its fibre is current in every bank, and when loosing its fleeces to the sun it floats a sunny banner that glorifies the field of the most humble farmer, that man is marshalled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring a subsidy from every nation on earth. It is the heritage that God gave to this people forever as their own when he arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, loosened the breezes, tempered the sunshine, and measured the rain. Ours and our children's forever. As princely a talent as ever came from His hand to mortal stewardship.—H. W. Grady, in Woman's Work.

The Opium Habit.

It would seem that whether or not the doctrine of total depravity is an established fact, the whole race is bent upon self-destruction. Good old Maltheus worried himself sick over the problem of over-production, but it was all unnecessary. The race itself can be depended upon to take care of that part of it. With rum, tobacco, fast living, unseemly hours, and numberless other social and moral vices, the work of death is well up to the increase. But a new agent of death, and one far more lurking

and destructive than any other, has entered the field.

The rum power has ceased to be the chief pillar of crime. It has been supplanted by a more deadly and a more loathsome vice—the opium habit. Hear what Judge Murphy, of San Francisco, has to say on the subject:

"Heretofore," said the Judge, in sentencing a batch of youthful burglars recently, "whisky has been the great agent in the manufacture of criminals, but I find that this is no longer. During the year just passed it has become evident to me that opium is a greater factor in the downfall of youth than whisky. There is hardly a confirmed criminal behind the bars who is not a morphine user and hardly a woman lost who is not a slave to the habit."

When it is known that the gate to this broad avenue of death is opened to our youth by the vile smelling and disgustingly noxious cigarette, is it not time for the parents and all who have the welfare of the land and nation at heart to call a halt? By its agency the bodies and souls of our youth are dragged down to destruction.

Whalebones.

"One of the most changeable articles of commerce is whalebone," declared a New York dealer in that commodity. "In January it may be worth \$2 a pound and in April \$5 a pound. Twenty years ago it was worth seventy-five cents a pound. The price is governed by the catch of whales. If the whaling grounds are ice-bound, or the vessels should meet with shipwreck, or the men from any other cause fail to catch whales, the price of whalebone goes up."

"Where does most of the whalebone come from?"

"The North Pacific ocean furnishes the largest supply and it is usually brought to market about November. The North sea catch arrives here about June. A small catch is made in Hudson bay and Davis straits. Whales are caught there at all seasons of the year, and the bone coming to New York does not disturb the market. A few years ago the Pacific whalers would sometimes run into a port and exchange some of their cargo for supplies. This would unsettle the market very often. Now the ships go out thoroughly supplied and they do not often run short. The chief ports in this country where the whalebone is marketed are San Francisco and New Bedford."

"Slabs of whalebone, as they are termed, are done up in bundles of about two hundred pounds each and are sent to market in this shape. In cutting up whalebone there is a loss of about twenty per cent. in the raw material. The hair is worth ten cents a pound. It is mixed with horse hair and used for upholstery purposes. It is sometimes used in the manufacture of brushes."—Mail and Express.

Written for The Better Way.

Our Pet Chippies.

Long have I thought of writing to the little ones who read THE BETTER WAY, about two little chippies who have come to our house since the spring of 1882, and have become great pets. We first noticed them picking up crumbs near a large stone step, and, throwing some on it, they soon learned to come there and then upon the porch.

They discovered that the seeds which fell from the canary's cage made fine eating, and in a short time found they came from the seed cups, which, as they were open at the top, they soon learned to perch upon and eat from. This was not at all pleasing to Dick, who usually bristled up his feathers, and with lowered head, showed his disapproval by shrill, scolding chirps. The chippies would keep their position as long as possible, but when Dick thrust his head through the wires and gave them a spiteful peck, they had to leave.

Sometimes when the weather was cool in the early spring, Dick would be left in the house.

One morning a chippie hopped into the room when the door was not open more than six inches and flew up to the cage. Often one would come into the room when the door was open, and when Dick was too quarrelsome, seek refuge on the back of a chair until he became quiet, when another attack would be made upon the seed cup.

For two or three years, however, I have kept a clam shell, filled with seed, fastened by a string and tack to the window sill of the kitchen, and Dick is no longer molested.

This spring, knowing about what time to expect their arrival, I placed the shell there the first week in April, and the morning of the 7th, I think it was, one was there in time for an early breakfast—hungry, I dare say, after its long flight. That day it ate seed from my hand, and before night both chippies were at their old nook.

Indeed so tame did little chippies become the first season they spent with us, that seeds would be eaten from our hands; and one day my brother called me to look at them. There he sat on the porch with both birds eating on his lap.

Often I will kneel upon one knee, place a hand upon the other, and chip-

ple will fly there without a fear. Sometimes it will step into my hand, sometimes stand upon one foot and with the other scratch its head.

Last summer a lady who was visiting here, was swinging in the hammock under the trees, when one came near. Coming to her outstretched hand, it was evidently disappointed when no food was found.

In former seasons they would come into the house for stray threads when the season for nest making approached. I cut knitting cotton into short pieces for them and they were carried away with delight; but they at last used too much in the construction of a nest, and it did not prove a suitable material, for I found it on the ground, too frail to keep its place in the tree. Now little chippies have abandoned that mode of nest building and have returned to the style used by their ancestors.

When the sitting is in progress, the clam shell is visited but few times during the day. But when the little ones come, what a busy life is led! Moistened crumbs are placed on the window sill, and to and fro, fro and to, from early morning till dusk flies the busy mother bird, bearing food to the little ones. Should the supply run low, into the kitchen will fly chippie, hopping on the table and on the dishes, looking at us with beseeching eyes, which plainly say, "More food, please."

One morning I placed the breakfast on the table and went into the cellar to churn, standing in the gangway. But I had forgotten to place chippies' supply of seed in the shell, and what did chippie do but fly around to me (I was on the other side of the house) and down close by my side. My brother, who was breakfasting in the room above me, held his hand filled with crumbs out of the window and birdie perched on it and ate.

One seems to come oftener than the other and is tamer, but we cannot tell one from the other when they are together.

Dick learned to imitate their song and will answer them as they sing in the trees, and I am sure I could not tell one song from the other if he were there with them.

Bruno, the dog, is a friend to them and does not disturb them when he lies on the porch; and he does not allow their foe, the cat, to enter the yard, but makes her hurry to the barn whenever he sees her venture near, so they do not stand so great a chance of being killed by her.

What a wonderful geographical instinct they must have to go we know not how far south when autumn's chill blasts begin to blow, and then find their way back to us when the gentle breezes of spring fan our cheeks, and the wild flowers are coming into bloom, and the trees are being decked with their green robes. Certainly they remember the hands which have fed them, and will they not come to me in the bright summer land, and with Dick, freed from his cage, perch on my shoulder, hand or head, as does the latter now?

Do not, I pray you, think I have told exaggerated stories concerning them. Come to our home, spend a day or more watching chippies, and you will think the half has not been told.

MYRA PELTON.

BURGH HILL, O., July 7, 1888.

Wisdom Persecuted.

Anaxagoras, of Clazomenae, held opinions in natural science so far in advance of his age that he was accused of impiety, cast into prison, and condemned to death. It was with great difficulty that Pericles got the sentence commuted to fine and banishment. Averrois, the Arabian philosopher, was denounced as a heretic, and degraded in the twelfth Christian century (died 1226).

Friar Bacon was excommunicated and imprisoned for diabolical knowledge, chiefly on account of his chemical researches (1214-1294).

Giordano Bruno was burnt alive for maintaining that matter is the mother of all things (1550-1600).

Andrew Crosse electrician, was shunned as a profane man because he asserted that certain minute animals of the genus Acaulus had been developed by him out of inorganic elements (1784-1845).

Dr. John Dee had his house broken into by a mob, and all his valuable library, museum, and mathematical instruments destroyed, because he was so wise that he must have been allied with witches (1527-1608).

Galileo was imprisoned by the Inquisition for daring to believe that the earth moved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. In order to get his liberty he was obliged to "abjure the heresy," but as the door closed he muttered, "But it does move though" (1564-1642).

Gerbert, who introduced algebra into Christendom, was accused of dealing in the black arts.

Grosted, or Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, author of some two hundred works, was accused of dealing in the black arts, and Pope wrote a letter to Henry the third enjoining him to disinter the bones of the too wise bishop, as they polluted the very dust of the ground (died 1253).

Dr. Faust, the German philosopher, was accused of diabolism for his wisdom so far in advance of his age. Peyre was imprisoned in Brussels for attempting to prove that man existed before Adam (seventeenth century). Protagoras, the philosopher, was ban-

ished from Athens for his book "On the Gods."

Socrates was condemned to death as an Atheist, because he was the wisest of men, and his wisdom was not in accordance with the age.

Virellus, Bishop of Salzburg, was compelled by Pope Zachary to retract his assertion that there are other suns and moons besides those which belong to our system (died 784).

Geologists had the same battle to fight, and so had Colombo, Bishop of Natal.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let the arrangement be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncarved wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an aerial feeling against them has a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous character. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tilting or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask if the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed and, from this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive and generous nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium is in a state of calmness and is harmoniously blended together, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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SOUL COMMUNION

JUNE 27, 1888.

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WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half-past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humanitarians throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke a rough co-operation in thought and only in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas.....	1:43 p. m.
Boston, Mass.....	3:28 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.....	3:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.....	4:18 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.....	2:55 p. m.
Columbus, S. C.....	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.....	3:45 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Chicago.....	2:20 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	2:58 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany.....	8:45 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.....	2:35 p. m.
Fredrickton, New Brunswick.....	3:43 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	3:03 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia.....	2:05 p. m.
London, Eng.....	8:11 p. m.
Leopoldtown, Kan.....	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.....	2:45 p. m.
Minneapolis, Tenn.....	2:11 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.....	2:23 p. m.
New York City.....	3:15 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.....	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	2:08 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	2:51 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	2:45 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:07 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.....	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Santiago, Chile.....	3:28 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota.....	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria.....	9:21 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico.....	9:48 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.....	1:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.....	3:08 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland.....	8:41 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia.....	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:16 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio.....	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela.....	3:46 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:58 p. m.
Newport, R. I.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware.....	3:09 p. m.
St. Kearney, Neb.....	1:53 p. m.
Georgetown, Brit. Gu.....	2:01 p. m.
Havana, Cuba.....	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.....	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine.....	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal.....	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru.....	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee, Wis.....	2:18 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.....	2:28 p. m.
Montreal, Canada.....	3:18 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.....	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.....	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La.....	2:11 p. m.
Panama, New Granada.....	3:08 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia.....	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	2:11 p. m.
St. Johns, New Foundland.....	8:35 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica.....	3:36 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.....	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake C. V, Utah.....	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.....	2:33 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.....	2:08 p. m.
Wilmington, Del.....	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.

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MEETINGS.

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BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM, No. 9 Bosworth street—Sessions are held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly. Admission free. For further particulars see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall—Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Richard Holmes, President; O. F. Rockwood, Secretary; Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, Corresponding Secretary; W. A. Dunkles Treasurer.

THE BETTER WAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.
EVERY SATURDAY.

L. BARNEY, EDITOR.
CINCINNATI, JULY 21, 1888.

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Education will defeat bigotry. Educate.

Knowledge is the sure antidote of superstition.

It is the office of culture to shape the life and adorn the character.

Spiritualism is not based upon any individual incarnation. Therefore it is a finality, and recognizes every person upon his own basis.

Perhaps it may have been noticed that we have our own BETTER WAY of doing things and cannot afford to follow either the lead or the advice of other journals, thumb papers especially.

The initial chapter of Miss Shelhamer's story, "Six Chapters in the Life of a Spirit," has elicited many warm encomiums from subscribers, who evidently anticipate much enjoyment from the succeeding installments. They will not be disappointed.

Cassadaga Camp will be open, and fine services will be the order of the day, tomorrow, Sunday, 22nd. This is a favorite camp with Cincinnatians, and probably the attendance will be large from this city. Walter Howell and Mrs. Richmond are the speakers announced for to-morrow. For synopsis of programme, see our advertising columns.

It is pretty well understood by those who can read that we do not pretend that our list of speakers and mediums is complete, but that we must have a good deal of help to make it so if it ever arrives at perfection. It is valuable as it stands, and if those most directly interested will furnish the necessary information, it will be made a perfect directory in the province it professes to explore—that of mediums and speakers in good repute. No others need apply.

Mrs. Jennie Holmes is again in the field, and is giving materializing sances at East New York. Her health has been quite poor and she is in some need of financial aid. Those who are willing to give something for the relief of a conscientious medium and good woman, may forward their contributions for Mrs. Holmes to HARRIET E. BEACH, No. 17 West 10th St., New York. There should be prompt response to this appeal.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

Improvements of considerable moment will be made in this journal previous to September. We do not describe them, but the fair anticipations of readers will not be disappointed in any detail. Those who subscribe or renew, directly to this office, previous to 1st September, will receive THE BETTER WAY one year for \$2.00, but after that date the price will be \$2.50 invariably, or \$1.00 for four months.

Every road leads to New York except that which goes out from the office of the *File-Us-Off*. It seems that no inducement can be proposed which will turn that New York-ward. The editor of the *File* prefers every place to the commercial metropolis, even as a health resort, although the time is not long past when he visited it with apparent gusto. He prefers springs to wells, and safety to duce, and—
— to truth, and so on through the entire list. But he is very suspicious of the morality of some of the camps!

"Spiritualism wants purification, and it wants organization. Purification from fads and frauds, and a cohesive alliance of its sane and sincere elements. A sinking of surface differences, and a patient study of common points of general agreement."

This from the *Golden Gate* sets forth the case exactly. There is but one way to put the whole thing briefly, and that is: Spiritualism wants to be studied and practiced deeply, purely, and not selfishly and bigotedly. There would then be no fads and frauds and no surface differences. And organization would not have to be discussed and brought about, for it would exist by common consent.

More than two months ago the *File-Us-Off* made the following declaration:

"If necessary, we can prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler, and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates."

The editor was at once offered \$1000 and all his expenses if he would go to New York and do what he promised in the above paragraph. But he knows he can do no such thing, and that on May 5th he printed an infamous falsehood about Mrs. Wells, to wit: that which we have quoted—and yet he is too much of a coward to own up to the lie and apologize like a man. To tell an untruth is mean enough, but to stick to it when everybody has discovered its dirty meanness is the very quintessence of satanism. Pass him around.

The Cincinnati Post, in a current issue, gives credit for 10,000 Spiritualists in the United States. This appears only in the caption over an interview of a newspaper reporter with Mrs. Cora L.V. Richmond on this subject, while the substance of the article explicitly makes it 12,000,000. Whether an oversight or an error does not matter much, for non-Spiritualists care little how many we number, while Spiritualists themselves know better; and those around Cincinnati are aware of the fact that they number 30,000 right here alone without the necessity of obtaining statistics from sources outside of their ranks.

Program for Vicksburg, Mich., Camp Meeting received. The camp opens July 14th, and continues till August 13th. From the reading of the program the impression is that it will be an exceedingly enjoyable season. No doubt the Indian's Day—Thursday of each week, will be a unique feature. These children of nature make excellent controls, whether they do mediums or not; and they may for all we know; and to have that camp filled for a day at a time with their finely magnetic presence, in the fullness of feeling invited and made welcome, is certainly good to think of, and we should suppose it very beneficial for all mediums present, as well as entertaining and instructive to all.

The Know-Nothing-Bigot and the Know-It-All-Spiritualist are frequently near enough alike to be twins. The first-named believes all the twaddle of his church, no matter how ridiculous it may be. He even swallows the story that God was born of a woman under questionable character, and accuses you of blasphemy if you express a doubt of the statement or seek to arraign its propriety. The last-named has witnessed phenomena more wonderful than you have seen, and when the manifestations under any new phase of mediumship are detailed, he calls them old and fixes a date when he saw them still more perfectly and in larger variety.

The relations of these two people to their respective organizations are equally disagreeable and superfluous. Their influence is devilish, if the word is ever allowable, and stultifying whenever permitted to operate, for with them there is neither knowledge nor progress, and of truth they do not entertain the faintest conception. In information they may not match, for neither has any, but in ignorance they are a true and delectable pair.

NOT A CIRCULAR.

It seems necessary to announce that THE BETTER WAY is nobody's circular. There is not the least prospect that it will be a private or public circular at any time in the near future; probably not at all. Those who think to use it for such office, and their name is legion, will do well if they make early application elsewhere, for we cannot say that A. B. or C. is the best speaker on the spiritual platform, nor that D. or E. or F. is the best medium in the world, simply because these people request us to insert as editorial their puffs of their own powers. It would be easy enough to print that Dr. So-and-So says he is not excelled as an inspirational speaker, but this is not the thing wanted. Direct testimony, disinterested, voluntary, and exclusive, is the longest for article, and Dr. So-and-So feels that he has performed his whole duty when he has furnished the MS. duly embellished by the editorial "we." If THE BETTER WAY refuses to print it, the Dr. threatens that his patronage and influence will be withdrawn from the paper and that it will go incontinent to the demitition bow-wow. We have concluded to let it go, if we must.

A communication comes from the neighborhood where the sun first shows his face in the early morn above the dizzy mountain tops, demanding editorial recognition for a speaker whom we never heard, and whose clarion tones are probably unknown to the tympanum of millions of the human race. There is not a more promising speaker in the world. We know this from his own testimony, which he desires us to adopt, and we are promised great benefit from the adoption. It may be considered about the same as adopted, but with a mental reservation, which is to this effect: If we find through the evidence of our ears that "this young and deservedly popular speaker is one of the most profound and eloquent speakers, upon Spiritualism and cognate subjects, now before the public," we will so print with a good deal of pleasure, but many doubts trouble us. If it were strictly true, it would have been known ere this, and a puff would not be so extravagantly desired; but perhaps we are appointed to be the special proclaimer of this new evangelist, and that his fame will not be complete till rounded up in THE BETTER WAY. Very well. Let him come to Cincinnati at his own cost and speak on trial, and, if sound and capable, he shall have a "send off" befitting his gifts.

Puffs are only wind, and no substitute for truth; therefore it is proposed to use these columns in the interest of truth and its apostles; and those who are hankering after notoriety upon any other basis are respectfully invited to seek it at some different source. THE BETTER WAY is neither a circular nor a horn-blower, and it has no ambition to become an "organ."

Our camp letters are filled with interesting points, and well indicate the fervor of Spiritualism which has taken to the woods. Next week they will be still better.

A SCHOOL OF HEALING.

It is scarcely necessary to assert that health is an invaluable treasure, for everybody concedes it, although those who are sick are the best judges. The robust man, who was never afflicted by a pang, a twinge or an ail, takes health as a matter of course, a normal condition of mankind, and looks upon sickly people as less than human, "scarce half made up;" whereas, in fact, the ailing ones are in the majority, and, through many defects in the methods of civilization, this majority is on the increase.

Health-seeking has become a persistent quest with people of wealth and standing in all parts of the world, and those who have the means are sometimes fortunate in the search, and exchange dollars for lungs, blood and renewed stomachs; but the majority seek in vain. In this dilemma it is natural that all fresh expedients for mental food and physical renewal should attract attention, and that metaphysics and Christian science should have many advocates. "The laying on of hands" is found as efficient to-day as in the time of Jesus of Nazareth, and many cures are effected through the proper application of this principle which could not be reached by other means. It is the old idea renewed and again made practical and of priceless value.

A Modern School of Healing through Spiritualism was established in this city on 4th July instant, at No. 512 West Liberty street, and placed in charge of Mrs. Annie C. Rall, a healing medium of remarkable power and great experience. Several students have already inscribed their names upon her list and are now undergoing treatment for various physical and mental ails, and some are already benefited. The movers in this undertaking are people of high character who know what they are doing, and who are impressed with the idea that the need for better health methods should receive careful and intelligent response. It is an enterprise which will grow rapidly when our citizens come to understand its merits, for it is curative and wholesome, and its foundation that which was long ago ordained "for the healing of the nations."

THE ORTHODOX CONSPIRACY.

"Thou shalt have no other creeds but ours," say Protestants and Catholics in unison—or their action in a combination to destroy Spiritualism is equivalent to saying so. They have mutually contributed money to the object of this combination, and established offices in New York, Boston, and, probably, other cities, to carry their designs into effect. Their points are to be made by misrepresentation and persecution, just as they were in the times of Socrates, Jesus, Knox, Luther and Hicks, and, if possible, that which they profess to believe is to be made the belief of all "unbelievers."

There will be trouble in bringing about these conditions. Spiritualists have no creed and believe in nothing which positive information fails to confirm. Knowledge is the foundation of all they do and all they hope for, and it is not too much to say that they are assured of future life and participation in its advantages according to the merits of their life here. They do not believe that mere repentance for wrongs committed on earth will purchase for them eternal happiness, nor that failure to repent will consign them to eternal punishment. They know there must be compensation for every wrong, and that one whose life has been distinguished for deeds of injustice will suffer a hell of remorse in the future state till purgation has performed its perfect work. It will be found impossible to cram them with beliefs or blind them with faith. They are happy in the enjoyment of something infinitely superior to both, and all the persecution and misrepresentation in the world cannot induce them to change.

It is not impossible that Protestant and Catholic creeds may answer a good purpose for the ignorant and unprogressive rabble whose thinking is done by priests, and whose right to inquire is persistently denied, but they are dry husks for thinkers and men of independent mind. To submit to the bondage of belief is criminal in those who know better. Every man is responsible for his mental and moral condition, and if he gives these attributes into other keeping, he stultifies his mental and moral powers and cripples progress.

We have no fear of the orthodox combination to destroy Spiritualism. "Forewarned, forearmed," is as true now as in any age of the world, and Spiritualists are not standing wholly on the defensive just now. They can be depended upon for a forward movement whenever it appears advisable. In the United States they number fully 15,000,000 souls, and they are in earnest. In the angel world they number all who are there, and the force is irresistible. It cannot be overcome by any combination of men, and therefore the Protestant and Catholic raid will come to naught and truth will ultimately triumph.

MIRACLES.

A good Christian gravely informs us that he believes all the wonderful things of "the days of miracles," but that the age of miracles has passed long ago. In truth, there was never such an age, never a miracle; never anything outside of the natural order of things: for it were impossible without interfering with the laws of nature, and they are immutable.

Christianity found it necessary to do

startling things in order to attract attention to itself, for in its early stages it was the puniest sect that ever grew into importance. It told and acted startling falsehoods, and finally among its adherents some conscientious people were found who became spirit mediums. Spirit phenomena in the minds of the unlettered were regarded as miraculous, and they were enlarged upon to feed ignorant curiosity. Lucian records the life and death of Peregrinus, who professed to work miracles, and the common people credited him with supernatural power.

Peregrinus was born in a village of Armenia. He began his public career, after reaching manhood, by murdering his father. To conceal himself he joined the Christians at a distant town, where he became professor of exegetic theology, revised some of their sacred books, wrote others, and apparently was made a bishop. He was thrown into prison in one of the persecutions. The Christians behaved toward him with the affection which they never failed to show to any of the brethren in distress. They raised subscriptions for him and brought him food. Widows and orphans watched about his cell, and, with the gaoler's connivance, shared the solitude of his confinement.

At length he was released, but the sacred character he had assumed sat easily upon him. His disease was a passion for notoriety. Lucian says he shocked the Christians by eating forbidden food. More likely he developed some new form of heresy. He was excommunicated, and then he joined the Cynic philosophers. In this capacity he went to Rome, where he achieved a new celebrity by the insolence of his tongue. He even assailed Marcus Aurelius with his ribaldry. The emperor rewarded him with the impunity of a privileged fool, and the public, to whom there is no pleasure greater than to hear good men sneered at and libelled, for a time applauded the libeller. But the novelty wore off. Peregrinus was again sinking into a neglect which he could not endure. To rouse the interest of men once more he announced that at the next Olympian Festival he would give the world a lesson of contempt for death, and would publicly burn himself. He expected his admirers would interfere, but curiosity or indifference kept them silent. He had committed himself and was too vain to retract. The pile was raised. The fire was kindled. Peregrinus leapt into it and perished. Lucian, who was himself present, being eagerly questioned as to what had taken place by one of the martyr's disciples, answered a fool according to his folly and told him that an eagle had risen out of the flames and soared into the sky. The story which he had himself invented passed at once into the popular belief, and it was afterward retailed to him by another spectator who declared he had witnessed the extraordinary portent with his own eyes!

And this is the way miracles were made "in the age of miracles," and handed down in the records and traditions of Christianity. They could be had to order through such a process, with the most startling and circumstantial details, and there was no lack. Miracles were the mental pabulum of ignorant credulity, so dense it would swallow the statement that at the command of Joshua "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day, until the children of Israel had avenged themselves on their enemies;" and that the Lord caused the sun-dial to go backward, as a sign that he would prolong the life of Hezekiah fifteen years! Does anybody seriously believe such drivel? Then he is indeed to be compassionate.

Ethics of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Clara A. Field Appeals for Purity of Heart and Life.

Mrs. Clara A. Field, who has recently returned from the South, lectured last evening, at Eagle Hall, on the interrogatory subject, "Has Spiritualism an Ethical Side?" Mrs. Field is a so-called inspirational speaker, but her inspirations seem to come from her own active, original mind and her warm heart. She is of the Baptist persuasion, her Spiritualistic affiliations never having led to the dropping of her church membership. Her strong voice, her flashing eyes, her intense earnestness, brightened by the scintillations of wit, the ceaseless torrent of her words, every one laden with meaning, make her a fascinating speaker. She hits straight from the shoulder. Her line of thought last evening was approximately as follows:

If Spiritualism taught us nothing more than the mere fact of a man's existence after the dissolution of the body, its mission has been in vain, because it is not necessary for Christians to have proof of this. Jesus taught it two thousand years ago. All human progress, all advance in knowledge, in the arts and sciences, finds its root in selfishness. So with Spiritualism. It appeals at first to the mourners, the bereaved, who have lost their dear ones, and brings them consolation. It arouses the interest of the idle and curious. For years it contented itself with weak and worthless phenomena. Charlatans and tricksters saw their opportunity to profit by the credulity of mankind. Spiritualism was honeycombed with fraud and could scarcely be dissociated from it in the mind of the public. A crisis has come. The world will class all Spiritualists as knaves or fools, unless they stand for something higher and nobler and purer, for something that will bear the strong light of moral investigation. Mediums must see to it that their lives are blameless, that their bodies are fit temples for the indwelling of the holy spirit. Spiritualists must be clean in body pure and unselfish in mind, make right conditions for the working of spiritual forces, and we shall wake up some fine morning to find that the vast majority of upright, thinking men and women are Spiritualists. Mrs. Field closed with an impassioned appeal for the uprightness of heart and life.—(Boston Globe.)

A Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

As a number of the contributors for your valuable paper seem greatly exercised over the morality of the instruments used by the spirit world, to propagate their teachings, and as I am one of the kind of individuals who believe a little work is better than a great deal of talk, I wish to suggest, as a way by which the tares may be sifted from the wheat, and Spiritualism thoroughly purified, in true Allopathic style, that a committee be appointed, at once, consisting of Anthony Comstock, Judge Gildersleeve, Dr. Witt Talmage, John C. Bundy, and some who prate the loudest among professed Spiritualists, and set them at once to work to investigate the mediums of all phases. When this work is accomplished, and their report sent to headquarters, let another committee be appointed to investigate the investigators, so that we may be sure of their moral status.

Next, let a delegation be sent to the spirit world, with instructions that no spirit will be allowed to approach this earth unless bearing in his hand a written recommendation from Jesus or Pope Leo X. as to his moral status before he went to the spirit-world, and the position he now occupies among the archangels.

With such simple precautions as these, a great work may be done, and the potencies of this world, the "Great I am," may be securely guarded from all outward and impure influences, either embodied or disembodied, and thus be enabled to fold their sanctimonious robes about them, and sail, untarnished, through the Gates Ajar, to take their reserved seats around the "great white throne," and praise God eternally for His good taste in making them so much holier than others.

Hoping this suggestion may meet the approbation of the "powers that be," and that we may soon realize that these breezy puffs are really only the forerunners of a Spiritual cyclone which shall leave the atmosphere perfectly pure.

I am yours fraternally, M. OBERLIN, O.

Remarks.—This subject is more serious than our pleasant correspondent imagines. "Holiness," as ordinarily understood, is not the thing especially sought in Spiritualism; but it is the duty of all to lead normal lives. First, it is a duty to themselves of prime importance. Second, it is a duty to the spirit world of scarcely secondary moment. Third, it is a duty to everybody with whom they associate, or upon whom their example can have the least effect in earth life. There is nothing undesirable in holiness, unless it is accompanied by the assumption of something better than humanity—the elevation of the nose, which proclaims the "Holier than thou" idea—but every good man and woman is repelled by a medium of the spirit who is impure in act or thought, and this is as it should be. If we can not have good things from the spirit world, it were better that the door were hermetically closed; and their integrity is questionable if they come through a defiled conduit.

There is not a more serious question than that which forms the basis of this discussion, as was proved in the case of Madame Diss DeBar. Remarkable manifestations came through her mediumship, and yet, if the report of her best friends is to be relied on, she is morally characterless, and makes no claim to the integrity which is the reliance and charm of womanhood. Why the spirit world can use such an instrument is one of the problems of Spiritualism and involves its chief misfortune; yet, so long as this condition is found to be true, we are bound to accept and make the best of it. What is the best? Evidently we must insist upon the reformation of the medium or discard her services. This woman, notwithstanding her transcendent psychic gifts, has brought dire reproach upon the cause; whereas, had her moral character been commensurate with her mediumistic gifts, she would have given a better impetus to Spiritualism than it has ever before enjoyed. From these premises the conclusion seems to be evident: Mediums without moral character should become subject to moral regimen or their services should be discarded everywhere. Any other course will bring reproach upon Spiritualism, as it ought.

There are masculine Spiritualists that are even more immoral than those of the other sex. They commit crimes too unnatural and abhorrent for description, and yet some of these scoundrels are permitted to speak for the cause and give spirit tests. It is not in our anticipation that this state of affairs will be long endured, nor do we believe it is ever submitted to where the character of the teachers (?) is known; but there is proof in these facts that Spiritualism must reform itself before its recommendations to universal favor will be generally regarded by the world; and, to this end, the best efforts of THE BETTER WAY are pledged.

Mrs. L. Pet Anderson.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Yesterday our city lost one of its finest trance mediums in the departure for England of Mrs. L. Pet Anderson. She is quite feeble, and threatened with permanent lung troubles, and her band want to take her on a sea voyage and give her a change of climate, and hope to secure beneficial results by such change. Her many friends throughout the country will regret her departure from their midst, as she has been a most blessed gateway for spirits to come to their mortal friends, and they can but hope and trust on both sides of the veil that she may be restored to health and strength as soon as may be, and may she some day return to Chicago, where she has been as highly appreciated as probably in any other section of the country.

CHICAGO, July 17, 1888. C. L. D.

Mediumship of Mrs. Umber.

132 Jefferson Avenue,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 14, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Having had some very interesting experiences lately with Trumpet Phenomena as occurring through the mediumship of Mrs. S. Umber, of Brooklyn, it affords me great pleasure to give them voice through your excellent journal. I gladly state here that the medium is a very amiable, conscientious, truth-loving lady, with a heart warm in sympathy of purpose toward those in the mortal and those in the invisible, as she so gently ministers by her blessed gifts as independently demonstrated by rappings, written messages through control of her hand and other physical phenomena. By her very kindly given invitation I have had the pleasure of witnessing and hearing this most wonderful phase of spirit-power.

"Skiwaukie," the well known Indian spirit control is the presiding genius, together with others, as they come with their mission of love to earth's darkened ones. After a goodly number of friends and inquirers were gathered in waiting, we were cordially invited to take seats around a circular table, upon which in the centre was placed upright an ordinary tin horn about three feet in length. Upon the surface or exterior was placed a piece of phosphorated paper for the purpose of being seen while the room was darkened. All placed their hands upon the top of the table—having assured ourselves that only the sitters were present, thus avoiding all chance of collusion, or aid of confederates. The lights were turned out and darkness ensued. Soon rappings were heard, and, upon being interrogated, changes of sitters were made. Then leading off in singing the "Lord's Prayer" and other vocal selections, the trumpet was laid gently over, resting upon my shoulder without mortal aid, and a female voice was heard distinctly articulating, through the trumpet happy greetings by name, in endearing tones and terms as of yore—from one who is to me dearer than all the world beside—speaking in intensely loving words of her undying affection and her deathless love and the true marriage relation as one between us; saying her complete happiness would not be realized until we were reunited in the real life beyond, speaking naturally of the thankful privilege of coming to her "very dear husband," thus assuring him of her presence and well known sympathy in the hours of seeming loneliness, knowing it will be only a short time when we shall be fully happy, being reunited. Blissful memories of the past were revived, and the language of my trusting heart is "God bless her, for I am only waiting."

On one occasion the gentle voice was heard singing with us the well known hymn, "Shall we gather at the river."—Language is inadequate to express the hallowed heart responses bubbling up from the depths of the soul. Soon was heard another, a laughing, cheery voice, clear and distinct, greeting us as "Sunshine," the very pleasing and entertaining control and spirit-friend of the medium. Her sunny voice spoke to each, giving tests by names and circumstance that were quickly recognized, and words of sympathy with clear ringing, laughing rejoinders of wit and wisdom. On one occasion, while we were singing "Over There," a strong masculine voice was heard joining in, and upon being asked whom we had the pleasure of greeting, replied, "Henry Ward Beecher; Glory to God for this privilege!" I happened in reply to call him Mr. Beecher, when he said, "call me brother." I said, "do you remember a sermon you delivered in January, previous to your departure?" He replied, "Yes, brother Greene, very well. Sometimes I talked from my head and sometimes from my heart. Then I talked from my heart." I said, "Do you know, I think it was grand, and I think the essence and perfume of its truths will go ringing on through the ages." He modestly answered, "I hope so," and called for more singing, his voice joining in, and gradually fading away as he lost control. The sermon I referred to is entitled "The Evolution of Life."

Our well known friend and able advocate of the cause, E. V. Wilson, greeted and cheered us with his voice, but lamented the want of cooperative union of Spiritualists and a manly cordial support of the truths which are now being so wantonly assailed. He hoped all would stand forth and vindicate the glorious mission of the unseen arisen hosts who have now returned to demonstrate the immortality of life to earth's darkened children, lifting them to higher and nobler conceptions and more extended deeds of love and sympathy. Other voices came, some in whispered greetings of their intense love for each dear one there, or voiced in natural tones their blessed nearness of presence, articulating in English or German to those of these respective nationalities. Such soulful happiness, such appropriate expressions and welcome recognitions, such glad some heart rejoicings, will ever make the scenes memorable by and through this wonderful manifestation of independent voices.

Sometimes at these seances spirit-lights, beautiful to behold, are seen flashing forth and disappearing; shadowy forms mingling by our side are seen; and new courage is infused to bear nobly life's burdens and discipline. Knowing that all things shall work together for ultimate good, if accepted cheerfully and wisely, I for one, must express my deep gratitude for the glorious privileges accorded me by this inestimable boon of spirit-communication, and the many tokens from the arisen, dearly prized treasures of the heart, who have only stepped within the veil, still assuring us that there is no death, but only

"Life, beautiful life, on forever."

No more our Dearest Love to ever."

Ever fraternally,

SAMUEL D. GREENE.

Mother.—"Lucy, hasn't Mr. Jinks proposed yet?"

Lucy.—"No, not yet, ma."

Mother.—"He helped you to put on your gloves last night."

Lucy (shaking her head).—"I know he did; but there are six buttons on the gloves, and when he buttoned the fourth button he asked me if that wasn't enough. It only took him a minute. If he had any serious intentions it would have taken him half an hour at least. I see he is only trifling with my young affections."

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell started East on Tuesday for a pleasure trip. She is visiting Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and will probably extend the line of attack to Pittsburgh. Among the large number of good mediums in Cincinnati, there is none more industrious, conscientious and effective than Mrs. Stowell, and the few weeks of rest and recreation she will now enjoy will redound quite as much to the profit of her clients as to herself.

Card of Thanks.

To the officers and members of The Society of Union Spiritualists we desire to return our sincere thanks for their kindness and sympathy in our deep affliction; also to Rev. H. D. Moore and Mrs. A. C. Ball for their affectionate addresses over the remains of our son also to Capt. H. Newman and the Salvage Corps, J. W. Harris and Company and other friends, for the beautiful floral offerings of love and friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Kibby and family.

Cincinnati Lyceum at G. A. R. Hall.

The Cincinnati Lyceum was held at G. A. R. Hall, Sunday morning, July 15, 1888. The attendance of the children was not so large as usual, as a number are spending the heat of the term of the city. We were glad, however, to notice an increased attendance of the older folks, and hope that others will be induced to attend. The children after the close of the morning lesson were led in their interesting march by Dr. Williams and Miss Birdie De Witt, while Mrs. Molloy presided at the organ. The hymn "Our Lyceum Band" was sung, after which the school was dismissed. We regretted very much to learn of the death of Alex. A. Kibby and the heartfelt sympathies of the members of the Lyceum are extended to the family.

Mrs. Roberts the President, not being present, the exercises were conducted by Mrs. Belle Molloy.

After the Lyceum closed the mediums meeting was called to order by President Grooms. Mrs. Donnelly offered the invocation and then controlled by spirit Lizzie Fletcher and others including Indian and German spirits. After the address and tests, an interesting discussion upon insanity took place between Dr. Rose, Mr. Grooms and Mrs. Graham.

BIRDIE DE WITT, Sec'y.

SOCIETY OF UNION SPIRITUALISTS.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE for July and August.
M. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.
EDWARD O. HARE, Treas.
CHAS. C. STOWELL.

Funeral of Alex. E. Kibby.

At 2 p. m. on Monday last there was a large assemblage at Grand Army Hall to pay the last tribute to Alexander E. Kibby, who was drowned Saturday evening. The services were held under the auspices of the Society of Union Spiritualists, and were well ordered. An affecting dirge upon the organ by Mrs. Belle Molloy was followed by an appropriate solo from Miss Estella Greenwald. Rev. Henry D. Moore invoked the aid of the loving and Everlasting Father, and asked for special blessing upon the mourners and congregation. It was a sympathetic audience.

A feeling and eloquent address was made by Rev. Moore. It was not an ordinary funeral sermon, from which sad or happy incidents could be drawn at will, but repudiated the orthodox notion that anybody could be lost. "The dear son and loving brother," said the speaker, "has not gone away, but is right here with his friends, and he is certainly as dear as ever to us all. We feel his presence and know that he has more occasion for joy than grief. Special words of consolation were addressed to the family."

After singing, Mrs. Annie C. Ball spoke in inspirational style, and expounded the Spiritualistic idea of the new birth which has introduced this young friend to the enjoyment of spirit life. She gave a beautiful message from Lily Kibby, who passed to spirit life in March, and whose spirit stood in the family circle to administer comfort to those she so dearly loved. The services were concluded by singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by choir and congregation.

Floral tributes were many and remarkably ornate. One from the Salvage Corps was in the form of a monument surmounted by a dove with pinions spread ready to fly upward. The occasion was impressive, and it will not be soon forgotten by the participants.

Movements of Mediums.

[All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.]
Mrs. Nellie Coffran is located at Onset.
Mary L. French is open for engagements for 1889.

J. W. Fletcher will speak at Parkland, Pa. and Sunapee, N. H. Camp Meetings.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

A. S. Pease will make Saratoga his home for the summer.

Mrs. Mary J. Jennings, of Camden, N. J. is attending the Parkland, Pa. Camp Meeting, and will give sittings.

Fred Evans, independent state writer, of San Francisco, leaves, August 24th, for Brisbane, Australia.

Mrs. L. A. Logan conducts meetings Sunday evenings at Harmony Hall, Denver, Col.

The "Parker Circle" has adjourned its meetings until September 15th, when they will resume again at 221 Walnut street.

Mrs. Clara Field is at Lake Pleasant, but can be addressed for engagements, care of Banner of Light, Boston.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight can be secured for lectures or grove meetings, by addressing her at Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 26 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

George A. Fuller, M.D., and Dr. H. F. Merrill, the test medium, are engaged for the month of July at Mt. Lookout Camp Meeting.

Mrs. Helen Marr Wood of Little Rock, Ark., will spend the month of July at the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

Mrs. Salie Scoville, the well-known psychometric reader is again in the city and can be found at No. 145 Olive street, St. Louis Mo.

Mr. Geo. V. Cordingley, the wonderful boy trance and test medium, has returned to the city, and is now located at 1629 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Parker Circle have their regular meetings evening Sunday at 221 Walnut St., St. Louis, Mo., at 7 p. m. They are doing a good work, their meetings being well attended.

Mrs. A. D. Webster, the renowned trance test and platform medium of the East, is now located at 1604 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., where she can be addressed in regard to lectures and sittings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Little will be in Chicago the Sundays of the 15th and 22nd of this month; from there they go to Michigan.

We presume to the Vicksburg Camp Meeting.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

J. W. Kenyon will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals anywhere in the United States and Canada. Address, 54 Boswick street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond discourses before the First Society of Spiritualists, on Ada street, Chicago, Ill., morning and evening each Sunday.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAbey, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Dr. Daniel Calkins and wife, of Williams Center, O., formerly Mrs. C. M. Gordon, of Toledo, will be at the Vicksburg, Michigan, Camp Meeting during the month of July.

J. C. Street will act as Chairman at Cassadaga Camp Meeting this season, and will open, about the last week in July, a class for Occult Science and cultivation of Spiritual Gifts at that place.

B. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture with or without his stereopticon and spirit pictures, on Sundays or week day evenings. He has a large and fine collection of spirit pictures. Address, care Banner of Light.

Mary A. Charter's engagements for the summer months are at Adrian, Detroit, Lansing and Monroe, Mich., and South Bend, Ind. She can be addressed at Carleton, Mich.

Edgar W. Emerson will be at the Oakland Cal., Camp Meeting during the month of June; July 21st to 30th, at Onset Bay, Mass., Camp Meeting; August 4th to 12th, at Sunapee Lake, N. H.; Camp Meeting; 15th to 21st, at Cassadaga, N. Y.; Camp Meeting; September, at Buffalo, N. Y., and October at Troy, N. Y.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged for the grove meeting at Hicksville, Ohio, August 11 and 12, and Clinton, Iowa, camp meeting, August 19 and 20. They would like to make engagements in the West for months of September and October. Address, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Helen Stuart-Richings is the guest of Mrs. C. P. Meskimen, East End, Pittsburg, Penn. She has still some unengaged dates for next winter, and can be directly addressed during July at West Alder street, E. E. Pittsburg, Penn., while her correspondents are reminded that her permanent address is "General Delivery, Boston, Mass."

J. Frank Baxter, has engagements for Sundays—July 22, at the Parkland, Penna., Camp Meeting; and July 29, at Hanson, Mass. His August appointments take him to Mantua, O., Yearly Meeting; Cassadaga, N. Y., Camp Meeting; Nanticoke, Conn., Camp Meeting; and Lake Pleasant, Mass., Camp Meeting, respectively. September he continues with Etna, Me., Camp Meeting; Madison Lake, Me., Camp Meeting; then to Williamsville, Conn., for the third Sunday of the month; and to Lynn, Mass., for the fourth and fifth Sundays, and on continue only in other places into the fall of 1889.

Hon. Warren Chase may be addressed at Cobden, Ill., and his books ordered from him there till the camp meeting at Clinton, Iowa. He is open for engagements in Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin for September, October and the last half of August. During the winter his address will be St. Louis, Mo., and he will lecture in places not too far from that city during the winter.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will lecture and give rhythmic improvisations. July 20th to August 3rd, at Cassadaga, N. Y. Camp Meeting.
August 6th to 12th, Onset Bay, Mass., Camp Meeting.
August 13th to 21st, Sunapee Lake, N. H., August 22nd to 25th, Queen City Park, Vt., Camp Meeting.
August 26th to 31st, Etna, Me. Camp Meeting.
September 2nd and 9th, Bridgeport, Conn., Camp Meeting.
Miss Hagan's time is all engaged up to the Camps of '89.

Parties wishing to engage her for fall and winter of '89 may address her, or F. A. Boutelle, Business Manager, South Framingham, Mass.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance, 232 Findlay St.

Mrs. S. Seery, 34 Gest street, Trumpet and State Writing.

Mrs. A. G. Kuball, 398 Baymiller street, between Poplar and Findlay streets. Trumpet.

J. D. Lyons, 188 Richmond street. Trance. Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc.

Mrs. M. Englert, Trumpet. 67 Marshall Ave.

Mrs. Stewart, Trumpet and Independent State Writing. 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Cissna, Independent State Writer. 83 Mill street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent State Writer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Winchester, 371 Elm street, Trumpet.

Closed Till October.

The Worcester Association of Spiritualists closed their meetings for the hot season June 21st, having paid every dollar of indebtedness and have a balance in the hands of the treasurer. The Society will again commence their meetings in Continental Hall Sunday October 7th. Miss Jennie B. Hagan, inspirational speaker, will officiate during the Sundays of October. The following officers have been elected for the year:

President—W. C. Smith.

Vice President—E. H. Hammond.

Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. Smith.

Recording Secretary—E. P. Howe.

Financial Secretary—R. C. Smith.

Committee—E. Hubbard, T. W. Sutton, W. C. Bryant, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Underwood.

C. B. Bennett.

Notice to Spiritualists of Wisconsin.

Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Omro, has been appointed agent for the State to solicit subscriptions and advertisements for this paper. We hope that all Spiritualists will give him their aid in furthering the cause for which he is so earnestly working.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.

Notice to St. Louis Subscribers and Spiritualists.

Mr. Milton Lyle, of St. Louis, has been appointed agent for this publication to receive subscriptions and advertisements and make collections.

Testimonial.

I sent to B. F. Poole, Clairvoyant Optician, Clinton, Iowa, for a pair of Malted Spectacles. Was greatly pleased to find that I could read the finest type with them.

I consider them the best spectacles for the least money that I ever saw.

I recommend them to all who need spectacles.

S. ROWHER.

ETIWANDA, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CAL.

Mrs. Holmes's Circles.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 11th, I was present at a private circle given by Mrs. Jennie Holmes (formerly of Philadelphia) at her residence in East New York. She has been out of the work for six years; out of health for the past year, but is now beginning to enter the field again, and make use of her medical powers. She needs aid and sympathy. Is now giving circles every Thursday evening with success. She is one of the first mediums who entered the work after the Fox sisters.

There were nine ladies present. We were harmonious and had very fine manifestations. Mrs. Holmes' circle brought the medium out, and both spirit and medium stood side by side. Again, a French spirit, the control of a lady present, came, materialized a long veil, returned for the medium and brought her before the curtain; then threw the veil over the medium and retired into the cabinet, leaving the medium alone outside; and during the time voices were kept up a conversation in French inside the cabinet. Then the lady spirit returned and put the medium in her chair. As many as twenty-five spirits appeared during the two hours session. I was surrounded with stars, one with crescent and star. I felt, as the medium appeared twice it should be given to the world. Her controls said they had work for her to do, and they call upon the work in our cause to aid the medium so she can finish it. I consider her a very remarkable medium, and one who should be established.

HANLEY E. BEACH.

No. 18 W. 19th streets, New York.

Waverly, Iowa.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

As I promised to give a brief report of Grove meeting at Bowen's Grove, near New Hartford, I will do so. The meeting was held on the 7th, 8th and 9th, in as fine a grove as there is in the State, containing eighteen acres, beautifully fitted up by the owner, Mr. Noah Bowen. On Saturday A. M. it was dedicated to the angel world and humanity by appropriate addresses by Moses and Mattie Hull.

At the afternoon hour appointed for speaking, the rain prevented out-door exercises, but our good brother had built a new house on the ground leaving out the inside partitions, so that was used for afternoon and evening sessions, with increased audiences.

Sunday A. M. the weather being more propitious, the people began to congregate early, until a large audience greeted the speakers on the opening of the session. The conference was opened by Dr. J. E. Lyon, a veteran worker in the cause of freedom of thought and Spiritualism. The Dr. is a concise and clear reasoner, logical and deductive in his arguments, making sharp points and hard hits all through his talk. It is not necessary to say that Moses and Mattie are doing an immense work in this State as well as in other and more distant ones. That they are held in high esteem and love by those they come in contact with, is evident by the warm greetings shown them by all. While the numbers were not large as they otherwise would have been had the weather been more favorable, yet the true friends are true friends, and will lay the foundation for the future. The writer here called the attention of the people several times to THE BETTER WAY, disputing nearly a hundred copies, which will surely bear fruit in the future. Mrs. Hopkins went by team nearly forty miles to attend this meeting. More anon.

Truly, DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

CAMP MEETINGS.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting opens July 21.

Iowa State Camp convenes July 1st, and continues for five weeks.

Sunapee Lake Camp, at Newbury, N. H., commences July 25th and closes August 29th.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting will last the entire month of July.

Camp at Vicksburg, Mich., from July 13 to August 14.

Hastlet Park, Mich., meeting will be held for five Sundays, beginning July 26.

Verona Park, Maine. From August 12th to August 27th.

Queen City Park, Vermont. Meetings begin August 21st; continue till September 16th.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., August 1st to September 3rd.

Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association will hold a five weeks Camp Meeting beginning July 29, at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

The Parkland, Pennsylvania, meeting camp opened on Saturday, June 30, and closes Sept. 5, 1888. Their fine galaxy of speakers and mediums, the beautiful grounds, and great facilities will make it very popular.

Onset, Mass.

It can now be said that the camp meeting of 1888 is fairly under way. The cars brought many people to the grounds Sunday the 15th to hear the speakers of the day. Exercises commenced with a concert by the popular Middleboro band. Mrs. M. S. Wood was the speaker of the morning followed by J. Clegg Wright in the afternoon, after which Mrs. J. J. Whitney of San Francisco gave some excellent tests. Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan led the congregational singing while Mr. Frank E. Crane presided at the organ.

The Children's progressive Lyceum held their usual session in the temple at 2:30 p. m. The Lyceum is increasing in numbers as well as interest. There were seventy-three children in attendance, sixteen gave recitations, three in song. Little Lulu Morse accompanied her singing with the banjo.

The Onset Bay Grove Street R. R. have built a band stand at the Onset station and engaged the Middleboro band to give concerts every Sunday afternoon from four to six o'clock.

The Ladies Industrial Union at their last business meeting voted to furnish street lights for Onset for the accommodation of residents all the year round and Mrs. C. L. Woodward and Gustie F. Howe were chosen a committee to ascertain the required number and their location.

The Peoples Theatre have engaged the temple for the whole of the coming week for a series of plays commencing with "Fanchon the Croquet" Monday evening July 16th.

We have on our table a new book in pamphlet form entitled "Physical Proofs of Another Life" by F. G. Lippitt. Every Spiritualist should read this book and lend it to his neighbor.

A grand masked ball will be given at the Casino the 25th with prizes.

The Saturday evening dances at the Casino are well attended. Fancy bicycle riding and other entertainments later in the season. The Saturday evening dances in the temple are also well patronized.

The Association have appointed a committee and appropriated funds for the prosecution of liquor dealers at Onset.

We are in receipt of a printed petition in opposition to the Doctor's Plot Law which is being rapidly filled with names. Believers in medical freedom should not omit signing this petition.

The new Union Laundry on the moor is now completed and will be open to the public Monday morning.

Dr. Henry Rogers and wife of San Francisco have arrived at their pleasant cottage on West Central avenue.

GUSTIE F. HOWE.

HEADQUARTERS OFFICE, ONSET, MASS. JULY 16, 1888.

Camp Letter.

So, FRAMINGHAM, MASS., July 14, 1888.

Dear Better Way:

Your desire that I say something about the camps from time to time, as I visit them and note their services and incidents, shall be answered so far as I am able.

My first camp this season was at Parkland, Pa. The grounds there have been occupied but three years for camping purposes, but they are so admirably adapted to this use that improvement has been very rapid. They were planned by Capt. Francis Kepper, and give the impression of a military encampment in winter.

The more important improvements have been made within the past year. They include many fine cottages, a commodious pavilion, and better facilities for recreation and amusement. The stream which flows through the grounds is one of the most beautiful and romantic in the State, and boating parties are numerous in season just now. For many miles the banks are pleasantly shaded by the overhanging boughs of forest trees, and under hundreds of ancient moss-covered rocks beautiful representatives of the flinty tribes lie in the dark, cool depths, ready for capture by the angler's hook. They may not be really expecting the angler, but he gets there all the same.

Among well-known cottagers now at Parkland are Mr. and Mrs. Shumway, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. L. P. Danforth, the fearless friend of the weak and unfortunate, Mrs. Nevins, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, and many other good citizens of Pennsylvania and New Jersey whose names I do not just now recall. Mr. John Barsley, who first brought English sparrows to this country, has a fine cottage here, but some people seem to think he could be more appropriately lodged at Moyamensing. Barsley knew no harm of the sparrow, however, and it really seems to me that its eccentricities have been exaggerated.

Services are not largely attended here during the week, but on Sunday there is an outpouring of the people which cheers the heart and upholds the hands of the speaker. A genuine interest is manifested in the suggestions and discussion of topics cognate to and illustrative of truth in its relations to the spiritual philosophy, and much good seems to come from this healthful agitation. I could send a list of subjects, but it would prove uninteresting without indicating the manner of their treatment, and this it is not possible to furnish, even were I so disposed. I remain here six days, instead of four for which I was originally engaged, and feel like constraining the extension of time into an official approval of my work. Why not?

The warm hand grasp when good-byes were uttered, the good wishes from old and young, and the dear faces which gathered around me wearing the expression of regret at my departure, will live in memory till a reunion with the true friends again brings happiness, which I trust, may be mutual. Let me mention that great credit is due these Parkland workers. They are sincere, persistent and clear judgment, and mean business.

There are good accommodations for visitors in the pavilion. Strangers are cordially welcomed by Mr. Benner, a good man, zealous worker, excellent lecturer and chairman of the meetings, who is only assisted by Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Association, and between the two sojourners are made to feel at home and are assured of enjoyment. THE BETTER WAY has many good friends at this camp.

To-day I leave for the Cape Cod Camp Meeting, at Harwich, Mass., whence you may look for another rambling letter.

Yours for the Cause of Truth,

JENNIE B. HAGAN.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

Special Report for THE BETTER WAY.

Monday, July 9, was occupied in rest, after the labors of Sunday. Two and three meetings per day grow more or less tiresome to listeners, and hence must be full of weariness to the workers. But, there is no expression of tiring here, for the meetings are diversified and admirably arranged.

At night the control of Mrs. Richmond, who calls herself Oulna, answered questions and gave poetic readings.

Tuesday, July 10th, brought a number of new faces, principally from Texas and Florida.

A number of Chattanoogans of prominence were at the morning meeting. It consisted of a conference, whereat those not regularly engaged as speakers and mediums might take part. With a commendable confidence in their cause, or a desire to learn of any person, they allow believers and disbelievers, members of other denominations, or any other person who may desire to take part in such meetings, to express their opinions, relate experiences or ask questions.

Short addresses were made by Dr. Fuller, Mrs. McCan, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Kates, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Gladding and others. Tests were given by Dr. Merrill. At the night service Mrs. Richmond was the speaker and as usual was entertaining and instructive.

Wednesday, July 11th: In the morning Dr. George A. Fuller delivered a most entertaining address on a text from the words of Jesus, "I am not of this world," arguing that the resurrection is not of the physical body, and that the Spiritualism that wishes to derive knowledge from the spirit-world of how stocks are going in the market, etc., is not Spiritualism. That the mission of Spiritualism is to teach mortals of the future life, which is the real life, and how to live here to prepare ourselves for a happy station in the celestial realms of eternal progress.

After the address, Dr. H. F. Merrill gave some excellent tests, which were recognized in every case but one, that one being a prophecy which the future alone can verify.

At night Mrs. Richmond and Dr. Fuller answered questions propounded by the audience. Some twenty or twenty-five questions, many of a scientific nature, were put into a hat and twelve of these were selected at random, and then of these twelve, one was taken out of the hat and presented to the respective speaker, who treated the subject from his or her standpoint. It made a very interesting and novel exercise.

Thursday, July 12th: The weather on the mountain has been all that could be desired; bright, cool and invigorating. Half past ten o'clock to-day ushered in the first medium's meeting held on the camp ground. There was a fair attendance, with a good sprinkling of strangers, who, by the way, the drums for various phases are called to the platform and there give of their gifts as they are impelled to do.

After singing and an invocation by Dr. Fuller, and a vocal solo by Mrs. McCan, the first medium called upon was Dr. H. F. Merrill, who, purporting to have been taken possession of by an Indian spirit calling himself "Twilight" gave a number of names, dates and incidents connected with persons in the audience which were recognized in nearly every case.

Mrs. Zaida Kates was called upon for psychometric readings. The subjects were chosen from the choir, and, after simply touching them in their places, the medium sensing them magnetically from the platform; in one instance her back being turned and eyes blindfolded, a revolver was selected to be across the floor, and from the magnetism of his walk or clairvoyant sight, she became an expert.

She gave details of happenings in their lives, stated and peculiarly striking circumstances, that it seemed must be entirely unknown to every one except the resp. e. t. Every one's ears practice. Testimonials can be seen at his office of his Wonderful Cures. July 1, m.

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Thereupon Mrs. Clancy was taken up by an Indian spirit, calling himself "Red Jacket," who said he knew an old gentleman in the audience. The medium went to the gentleman and shook hands with him and then, minded him of which they had met in earth life. The old gentleman is a Mr. Allen of Texas, who afterwards informed the writer that he was present at a recent meeting held with the Seneca tribe of Indians of which a "Red Jacket" was the chief.

After singing by the audience, Mrs. Gladding came to the platform and gave a short sketch of how she became a Spiritualist and medium, after which several articles were handed her by strangers to the audience, and from these she read characters and incidents which were declared to be correct and resulted in the individuals read raising their eyes in wonderment.

At the night service Mrs. A. M. Gladding lectured under control of "Hoolah" upon the subject of a solo sang by Mrs. McCan, viz: "Cast thy bread upon the waters." It was her best effort during the camp and held her auditors closest attention. She followed with her usual test readings.

Friday, July 13th, continuation of the medium's meeting held yesterday was the order of the morning service.

The special feature proved to be a slate-writing communication from our lately ascended sister, Mrs. S. H. Taibott. Mrs. Cissna was the medium, and under close scrutiny obtained the writing, and thus created a sensation. This is the dawn of a new and useful phase for this excellent lady and medium. Slate-writing before public audiences is a very desirable manifestation. At night an excellent concert and an enjoyable one were given.

Saturday, July 14th: This being rest day at camp, a conference in the night was the only service held. Dr. Samuel Watson arrived this date and presided at the conference. It was an interesting meeting.

Fancy or Fact?

In town I hear, scarce awakened yet,
My neighbor's clock behind the wall
Record the day's increasing debt,
And cuckoo! cuckoo! faintly call.

Our senses run in deepening grooves,
Thrown out of which they lose their tact,
And consciousness with effort moves
From habit past to present fact.

No, in the country waked to day,
I hear, unwitting of the change,
A cuckoo's thrush from far away
Begin to strike, nor think it strange.

The sound creates its wonted frame:
My bed at home the songster hid
Behind the wainscoting—'all came
As long association hid.

I count to learn how late it is,
Until, arrived at thirty-four,
I question, "What strange world is this
Where fabled hours would make me poor?"

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Still on it went
With hints of mockery in its tone:
How could such hours of time be spent
By one poor mortal's wit alone?

I have it! Grant ye kindly Powers,
From this spot may never stir,
If only these uncured hours
May pass and seem too short, with her!

But who she is, her form and face,
These to the world of dream belong;
She moves through ether's visioned space,
Unheeded, like the cuckoo's song.

—James Russell Lowell, in Atlantic Monthly.

Spirit Voices.

A Trance Communication through B. Anderson.

THE SPIRIT SOLDIER'S STORY.

"The firing had ceased, the battle was over. A bullet had passed through my neck and the pain had been very severe. I was not suffering now. An hour ago I had prayed, oh how earnestly, that our surgeon's men might find me, bind up my throbbing neck and give me a drink of water; but now I did enjoy the quiet repose. My face was turned toward the setting sun. I lay and watched it as it went down behind the western hills. I thought of those pleasant evenings not far back in the past, when a dear, loving little woman and I had sat and watched it pass behind the horizon, over the verdant old hills of our own home. I wondered if the blue-eyed girl and boy at home were watching it now, and if they were thinking of me. Just then the ambulance men came near me; I spoke to them; they made no reply, but went on gathering up the bodies of others who seemed to be suffering. I called aloud until it seemed I could have been heard far beyond them, still they paid no attention to me. I was growing dizzy now, and I quietly closed my eyes to sleep. Some one raised my arm and placed it across me. I opened my eyes, and, to my surprise, he passed on and said nothing. I seemed barely to have closed my eyes when he thus awakened me, and now I saw that it was dark, for they carried lanterns. It was just as well, for I did not suffer, and it was so sweet to lie quietly and dream of those I loved. Then sleep again overpowered me. Strange, I seemed to stroll about the old forests of my youth, with parents and sisters (long since dead) by my side. I was walking through the groves of the old home. It was early summer, and I was in my youth. The trees were in the full vigor of life; their foliage had never looked so green before, and their boughs were filled with birds of varied plumage. Wild roses clambered up to the tops of the highest trees. There was a song of gladness in the voice of the singing brook; but oh! what a delightful tinge in the atmosphere. The very air whispered to me in tones of joy. Then there came over me a slight, chilling discordant breath as I remembered my wound, and the fact that I must return to my comrades.

"A voice from out the stillly sweetness of the air whispered, 'Thy earthly sufferings are over. Never again, as mortal, shalt thou know the pangs of physical ill. Thy sorrows and griefs, thy lessons and experiences in earth-life are done; now shalt thou enter upon thy harvest.'

"To say that I heard this voice in joy, would not be true, nor did I listen in sorrow. I did not in truth comprehend it fully. I seemed to be a boy again, and in a happy grove. Still, I could not forget that I was a soldier; but the voice intimated that my earth-life was over. Could it really be that I had passed through the change called death? I looked about me to answer for myself this query. I could not clearly define the outline of the trees; where ended their foliage, and where began the rosy atmosphere. There was an Indian Summer haze over all that dazed me. I was overwhelmed with the thought, Everything faded from before my eyes, and I became unconscious.

"Oh! the sweet strains of music which break upon the rested ear as one awakens from a refreshing slumber; but how much more so the soul-enrapturing symphonies of heavenly music which awoke me from my trance. I found myself within the walls of a building whose description finds earthly language bankrupt. These walls were of all conceivable colors of light. Above me was a rosy vault. By my side sat one who shed upon me a sweet and happy influence. A tide of love, almost divine in influence, flooded my being, and I could barely refrain from shouting with joy, 'Mother, oh! my precious mother!' Here was I surrounded by all the dear old family ties that had made my youth happy.

"I fear I am making my history too long. Let me make it truthful, as well as real. Many were the drawbacks to perfect happiness. So long had I been accustomed to secrete my real feelings in earth-life, that I found it impossible to abandon the habit at once. When these feelings swept over me, I found that I had suddenly condensed a chilly fog about me, and my joy became saddened. At one time I suddenly found myself on board a ship in the Arctic Ocean, and was compelled to remain there until I had sown the seed of reform in a young heart which I had helped to injure. Often from delirium of joy have suddenly felt myself descending to the dark, immoral mistland of earth to correct some mundane error; yet I am fast rising above these sorrows. I know now that I shall never be parted again from those I love. Eternal life is assured to me. Indeed, there is no death; I know it now, and I can build my own future. All the possibilities of exceeding great happiness of development, of loving dearly and being so loved, are indeed mine. On, on, from glory to glory, from conquest to conquest, through inconceivable

eternity—no end to love; no cessation; all wisdom before me; eternal space and eternal time are mine. I grow dizzy at the thought. I would say more, but I cannot find words by which to convey my thoughts."

The following incident occurred in the experience of the editor of this paper when sitting as a test medium for the noble scientist, Prof. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia. Prof. Hare gave the editor permission to publish the narrative in a magazine which she edited, but for certain reasons desired that his name should be concealed. The noble spirit has since relaxed this restriction, and desired that any reprint should announce the incident as occurring in his own experience. One of the Professor's earliest experiments was as follows:—

Taking from a drawer in which were stored away some cherished mementoes, a small package, he determined to submit its contents to the investigation of the medium with whom he was pursuing his experiments. Quite early in his married life he had lost a precious little child, and ere consigning its form to the grave he had severed a golden curl from his little head, and placing it in an envelope in that drawer, now withdrew it in order to test the alleged spiritual power that professed to communicate with him. With the child's hair was another lock, cut from the head of the dead mother, and as his theory of so-called spirit communication was one of mind reading, the dark hair of the mother and the golden curl of the child would, he felt sure, be "as usual" accurately described, and thus add another link to his chain of evidence.

Carefully placing his package in the breast pocket of his coat, he proceeded to call upon the editor of this paper, then sitting as a test medium at the office of the Christian Spiritualist, 553 Broadway, New York City.

After the usual formulae, the Professor inquired, "Can the spirit of my wife inform me what I have got in the breast pocket of my coat that once belonged to her?"

"Nothing," was the prompt reply. "I think there must be some mistake," was the next remark. "Try again, good spirit."

"You have nothing in that package, my husband," wrote the spirit, "that ever belonged to me; but there is something there that once belonged to our child."

The influence then changed, and a rude drawing was produced, which represented a little square cloth or doyley, the edges of which were embroidered in scallops, the centre being a basket of flowers.

The Professor started on seeing this sketch, and, after some hesitation, inquired, "Can the spirit describe to me what was the last veil my child ever wore on earth?"

"I never wore a veil on earth, dear papa. Mamma says it would have been too bad to cover up my pretty face."

"That expression was the mother's," said the puzzled inquirer, "but nevertheless the spirit (if it is one) does not know everything, for this drawing, rude as it is, exhibits a little lace doyley, which my child did wear as a veil on earth."

Before the sentence could be finished, the medium handed the Professor a slip of paper, on which was written:—

"I was not your child when mamma placed that veil over a face from which the real child had fled. That lace only covered the face of the dead. I still live."

The witnesses to this scene, and there were several present, beheld the inquirer, with a face quivering with emotion, and pale as the sheeted dead, spring from his seat, and hastily traverse the room in a condition of agitation terrible to witness; suddenly he paused as if transfixed, snatched from his pocket a small paper parcel, which he tore open, suffering to fall upon the ground a tiny piece of lace, old, yellow and crumpled, but which, upon examination, proved to be a fac-simile of the medium's drawing. The gentleman at the same time exclaimed, "My God! I thought I had taken a package of hair from the drawer. I had no conception that I had brought that piece of lace instead. I have mistaken the package, and it is not mind-reading after all!"

The Professor then explained that this little doyley had been worked by the hand of his beloved companion; that she had often used the expression referred to by the child about the latter's wearing a veil; but when the last dread hour of parting with their darling came, and ere the coffin was closed, which was to remove from the father's eyes the little form, he had hastily gathered up that piece of lace from the dead face, over which the mother's hand had tenderly laid it.

The little "veil," he added, the last thing that ever touched the mortal form of his child, he had preserved as a sacred memento, in the same drawer which contained the hair of both mother and child.

Intending to bring the latter package for the purposes avowed above, he had mistaken them, as they lay side by side; hence he again and again emphatically repeated, "It was no mind-reading," and "Nothing but the eye of a disembodied spirit could have perceived the enclosure, none but the wife and child could have so correctly described the circumstances connected with it."

Before the article sneers or the bigot scoffs at the simplicity of the means by which this little piece of lace was made the instrument of solving the problem of the age—"If a man die shall he live again?"—let him consider well whether the writings of antiquity, or the sermons of a thousand years, have brought any proof of life beyond the grave as vivid as the above incident. It may be—it is most difficult for the inhabitants of the higher world to describe the conditions of life far above and beyond human experiences; but if the mightiest of all life's problems is solved—proving that death has no power over the soul—then was that little faded piece of lace taken from the dead child's face a better preacher of the doctrine of immortality than all that has been written or said since the year One.—[Two Worlds.]

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Scrap-book.

Scrap-books are tough arguments. A friend of mine was inveighing against Dr. Talmage, who recently preached quite drastically against Spiritualism, and read a report of the sermon aloud, whereupon a gentleman in the party twirled a revolving bookcase and pulled out a scrap-book. Then he said: "Here you are. By reference to my scrap-book I find that the same sermon, word for word, was delivered in the Tabernacle in 1876 as you will find by reference to the secular papers of that date, and it has been repeated periodically ever since, notably in Tremont Temple, Boston, and on Sunday, in Brooklyn two Sabbaths ago, and I would receive quite a large salary for such simple rehash of an old subject. Even if his people are satisfied with these constant repetitions the general public get tired, and require something more positive than a mere tirade against Spiritualism generally, unsubstantiated by facts. Mr. Talmage is like one of those clever professionalisms whom Goethe describes: "Most learned Don, I know you by these tokens: What you can feel not, that can no one feel; What you comprehend not, no one comprehend; What you are sure of, should send you home; What you can't weigh, can no existence have; What you've not coined, that must be counterfeited."

The deadly parallel is a boomerang, sure enough, but a well indexed scrap-book knocks a boomerang into smithereens.—Exchange.



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And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the faces of the dead shall glow radiant in the light of Eternal Dawn; the weary-hearted shall find rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Blest overflows with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts; the first containing a series of articles by Spirit "Benefice," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read as a redemptive. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unapprehension to the heavenly gate to one of peace in the "Sunrise Land"—developing on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit-world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I found in Spirit-Life"—by Spirit Susie—a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the vale.

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SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Questions and Answers

Through Mediumship of Mrs. S. E. CALDWELL, St. Louis, Mo.

In answer to a question regarding the divinity of Jesus as held by orthodox churches.

Jesus, the Christ of the New Testament, was simply a medium for spirits, just as there are mediums of the present day. He spoke as the spirit gave him utterance and never claimed to be divine in the sense that orthodox churches claim for him, viz: That he was God, who took upon himself human form and human nature, that he might be persecuted and crucified to placate his own wrath against the children of men.

The whole scheme bears upon its face so much absurdity that the wonder is that any can be found to believe it. Jesus, as a savior, has no weight whatever in the plan of salvation; the plan of salvation is obedience to the light within. If a man has an abiding faith in uprightness, if he feels that he alone is responsible for his acts, that no one can answer for him but himself, he is the recipient of that light that will prove his salvation. Deeds of benevolence, and unselfish acts towards his fellow-man, will prove far more potent in a plan of salvation, than belief in church dogmas unaccompanied by good works. There is no such thing as "justification by faith," as all find upon their entrance here.

QUESTION 1.—What is magnetism, and how produced?

ANSWER 1.—Magnetism is that subtle influence possessed by animate and inanimate nature. The power to attract and hold is one of its features—the magnetism that one individual has for another, or that holds an audience spell-bound, is an aura, or invisible fluid that is ejected from the person by will-power, that being the force that calls into play this subtle fluid.

Q. 2.—Why does the steel magnet attract iron and nothing else?

A. 2.—The steel magnet attracts that which it has the most affinity for; that is the law for that magnet.

Q. 3.—Why does the soft steel lose its magnetism, and tempered steel retain it after being charged? Is it because by sudden cooling large interspaces are left in the mass which cohesion wishes filled, on the ground that "nature abhors a vacuum?"

A. 3.—Soft steel is a dispenser, consequently lets go its attractive power much earlier than hardened steel. All metal, in cooling, contracts to a certain degree, rendering it apparently solid.

(It seems to me that any worker in metal could answer this. S. E. C.)

Q. 4.—In what condition do infants enter spirit life; how are they received? are they conscious of the change?

A. 4.—Infants, upon entering the spirit-world, are met and taken in charge by some spirit deputed to that office, usually a relative. They are taken away for a time, or until they gain strength to be brought back to the mother, who, unaware of that fact, unconsciously yielding to the infants magnetism to sustain them. When of sufficient age they are received into a group of young spirits that are watched over by a spirit that stands in relation to them as teacher and care-taker. Infants are never unhappy in spirit-life; their surroundings are of such a nature that they experience nothing but the joyous freedom from all ailments, and the happy delights of childhood in association with each other. They are never allowed to forget their earthly ties.

The consciousness of infants upon being ushered into the spirit world depends upon the amount of unfoldment of their earthly life; if very young they seem not to notice the change; others that had begun to notice upon earth, are greatly quickened in their perceptions by it.

St. Louis, July 7th.

Through the Mediumship of HELEN MARK CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

1. I am Grace; I come to Grace M. Stoddard. George is here, but I thought I would speak this time. He sends love to darling father and mother. George and I are always together. George is so tall, as tall as father. Oh, dear ones, we are so happy; oh, dear ones, the medium was such a blessing to us; I mean Keeler. Look forward, look upward, some day we will meet, never to be severed.

2. I am Rebecca Williams; I come so that I may speak to Lizzie about Lizzie Williams. She is dark, very dark. I pray you send some loving thoughts that may aid her in a desire to be better. Missy sends love, and so does Willie and Carrie. I wish I could reach Lily, but she would not believe.

3. I am Effie Brown; please sir, I want everybody to know my Mamma. She is earnest in the cause, and she is good and full of the truth. Please, sir, editor, find out of her and put her on your list. I went away when a little girl, but thanks to God, I can come back now, and sisters and myself can all three speak through mamma. Charles Donericker, a noble and good man, sends you greeting, and joins in this, our solicitation.

4. I am Dr. H. P. Warren; I lived on the shores of Lake Winnepegosis. I desire to reach friend Wheelock, controlled by one

King. He may have remembered me when he published a paper some five and twenty years ago. I was one of a company who listened to the able discourse of E. V. Wilson. After the lecture I questioned you, friend Wheelock, and you took me to a seance. The name of the medium was something like Roberts or Robertson, the Christian or given name being Katie. I was convinced at that seance; before this I had been an inebriate, but I threw off bad habits, and passed over soon after, prepared by your goodness for better things. I am tall, of a florid complexion, and very much pitted with small-pox. Having learned much in these years, I desire to aid you and come for this purpose. My whole name is Henry Page Warren.

5.

I am Charles Keener; I spent much of my time on Solomon's Island. I was for many, many years interested in the afflicted. I am glad now to return to earth and meet many of those who knew me and loved me. Mr. McMillan joins me in love, as well as does Franklin Sixe. Especially do I wish to communicate with Eliza Gibbon, at present in the almshouse near Washington. Very thankful would I be to any good person who would be kind to her.

6.

I am Clara Haslip; I come to Alice Murray. I met her in Pennsylvania in the mining district, when she went to see her uncle Tom. One week after she arrived, my father was killed in the mine. I was a little girl six years old, and Alice sang, "Once we had a Little Blossom." She used to hold the baby on her shoulder, and she wanted to see my yellow kitty. Alice was so nice, and she called me a "dear little girl." Uncle Tom is not nice, or Tom Murray, and neither is the lady. Alice, I lived in the cottage right next where you did, and you showed me how to bless myself. Now, if you can remember Clara, I will be real glad.

7.

I am John Humphrey Campbell; I desire to reach a doctor bearing my name. He is anxious concerning his Vitaphy. My advice is, to establish branch offices, for your system will most certainly increase. I passed away in Glasgow, Scotland, a little while prior to the death of Prince Albert. You, like the present Marquis of Lorne, are a descendant of our house. There are many eminent physicians who will aid you. Maggie sends much love.

8.

I am Lena C. Smith; I wish my husband, N. A. C. Smith, to write some questions addressed to me, care of C. M. K. Your father and mother are both near me, and father is very anxious for your removal.

9.

I am Frances B. Kemp; I come to John Kemp, of Albany, New York. Great was my sorrow, John, that I was unable to speak to you. I could not, and yet I did my best to let you know what I wanted. Dear husband, you have done everything as well as you could; you have more than fulfilled your duty. Tell the children of me, John, and remember I will always care for you and wait for you.

10.

I am George Woolsey; I bring a message from across the water to Jane Jackson. My medium is Rosamond Wells; but a little while since I visited Emma, your friend. While there your husband Edward came and spoke of your trouble and perplexity concerning the house. Now friend, Madame Jackson, I, George Woolsey, verily believe that I can so impress a gentleman of America that he will purchase your house about the first of October. Remember, madame, I think so, and I will do my best. Through Madame Pet Anderson I will tell you more.

11.

Madame Julia C. Franklin, many, many thanks for your acknowledgment of my lecture. You are a woman of influence in your circle, and I am glad if any word of mine takes root, so that it may blot out the prejudice against which I am working.

Humanity's Friend,

HENRY TUDOR VIII.

Next week I will submit to your columns "Media, and what I know of them."

H. T. VIII.

We are requested to say to the readers of THE BETTER WAY, that besides King Henry VIII, the following may be addressed and will answer questions through our paper: Sir Isaac Newton, Sir John Herschell, Frederick Francois Chopin, Felix Mendelssohn, John C. Calhoun, Richard Coeur de Leon, and Saladin. Questions to be sent to THE BETTER WAY.—[EDITOR.]

BONNE TERRE, MO., July 11, 1888.

To the Editor of THE BETTER WAY.

In your BETTER WAY of July 7, you speak of the many letters of commendation received, etc. This reminds me that sometime ago I unconsciously paid your paper I think the best compliment it ever received.

I receive all my mail at the office "up town" and take it home with me at night, and if I see anything extra good in the papers I mark the article with a lead pencil for my wife to read.

One day when I went to dinner, she brought me a BETTER WAY, I think the date of the number was June 26, and said, "what am I to understand by a paper marked up in this way?" I took the paper and looked it over. I had marked every article in it as extra good.

Yours respectfully, S.

What is Said of Spiritual Phenomena

J. H. Nichte, the German Philosopher and Author.—"Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London.—"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should not be called in question, the so-called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Dr. Robert Chambers.—"I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from imposture, and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past, and when fully accepted, revolutionized the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—(Extract from Letters to A. Russell Wallace.)

Professor Gave, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestation of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months" (this was written in 1886), "had more striking evidence of that agency than those given in the work in question."

Professor Challis, the Late Plinian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which have come from many independent sources, and from the most reliable of them. In short, the testimony has been so abundant and constant, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of spiritual agency by human agency must be given up."—(Clerical Journal, June, 1882.)

Professors Torstenson and Edlund, the Swedish Physicians.—"Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound and able students of them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the door; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages."—[Aftonbladet (Stockholm), October 30, 1879.]

Professor Gregory, F. R. S. E.—"The essential question is this, What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? I feel that they will bring forward the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many faithful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory."

Lord Brougham.—"There is but one question I would ask the author. Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic manufacturing life? No; for amidst the varieties of the modern divers circumstances produced are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to those the author addresses himself. But even in the most degraded class of acrobats and jugglers, in my opinion, is no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism."—[Preface by Lord Brougham to "The Book of Nature." By G. O. Groom Napier, F. R. S. E. The London Diocesan Committee reported.]

That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact of connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and by means of a simple act of volition. 4. That the presence of a spirit is indicated by the presence of some intelligence or intelligence controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence."

Cemille Flammarion, the French Astronomer, and Member of the Academie Francaise.—"I do not hesitate to affirm my convictions, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena of 'derelict spirits,' 'magnetic,' 'somnambulic,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional position, to scientific observation, who has provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are always the same, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulae is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Admiral Russell Wallace, F. R. S. E.—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not difficult to establish that of these, and that they are not fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in exactness and accuracy the facts of Spiritualism, and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the same sane and able men referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they witnessed them, and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are already known to be such, and real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer."—[Illustrations and Modern Spiritualism.]

Dr. Lockhart Robertson.—"The writer" (i. e. Dr. L. Robertson) "can now more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no chance of any legible main or fraud in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of conceiving anything by a series of events, and he is aware of the out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with any other view of hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these facts to be true, and the world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, but which is now being opened to our inquiry by the facts of Spiritualism."—[From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism, p. 24.]

James C. Smith, Senior.—"No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phenomena, Homeopathy and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded and arranged; and whether we call it by the name of Mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there may be careless observers, prejudiced recorders, and even impostors; but the science itself will not be impeded by their errors and defects; it will not stop at them, and we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the wonders which perplex equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science." These views will prepare us for the following statement, made in the Spiritual Magazine, 1884, p. 359: "We have only to add, as a further tribute to the attainments and honors of Mr. Senior, that he was by long inquiry and experience a firm believer in spiritual power and manifestations. Mr. Senior was his frequent guest, and Mr. Senior made no secret of his belief among his friends. He it was who recommended the publication of Mr. Home's recent work by Messrs. Longmans, and he introduced the publication, under initials, of one of the striking incidents there given, which happened to a near and dear member of his family."

James C. Smith, Junior.—"One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared plates is inadmissible. (2) The plates, when used, are found to be quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, having only room inside for the key word, or state of mind, and the writing is actually done at the time. (3) That the medium is not writing. (4) The writing must be actually done with the pen of an intelligent being. (5) The answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (6) This being can read, write and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (7) It strongly recom-

bles a human being, well as in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are, therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. (13) Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions."

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Afterward.

MRS. LOUISE F. SUDLUK.

We sigh to see the fresh spring flowers cast off their blush and bloom;
We grieve to see the friends we love laid in the silent tomb;
With bitter tears we grieve, but this is true beyond dispute:
Unless the flower decay and fall there'll be no autumn fruit.

Thus health and strength and heart must fall, and flesh must faint and die,
Before our mortal can put on its immortality.
We cannot climb the mountain heights until we leave the plain;
Unless we leave the shore we ne'er can ride upon the main.

The heaven we all have sought where they, our loved ones now abide,
Lies not between the grave and us, but on the farther side;
And oh, we know, although we wept when they resigned their breath,
That none can wake to endless life, but from the sleep of death.

C. H. Bridge's Mediumship.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I learn from C. H. Bridge that through an interview he was made to offer one hundred dollars to Mr. Kellar, a noted trickster, that he would give him one hundred dollars if he would detect a trick in his spirit manifestations if there was one. Arrangements were consummated and the performance came off on Sunday, June 24, at the Boston Theatre. A very large audience was present. Mr. Bridge appointed himself to represent Spiritualism and Mr. Kellar, on the other side, looking upon the whole of the physical manifestation as trickery.

Doubtless there was a net profit house of some \$1800, and it is alleged that Mr. Kellar, after Mr. Bridge had performed his part well, took out a little piece of flat iron and touched a spring in a bench that Mr. Bridge was tied to, which developed a trick bench, which all tricksters of a professional character know concerning. This was a fearful position for Mr. Bridge, and he left the theatre without meeting the trick bench in its new form, and Mr. Kellar was considered the victor by all present, without it was Mr. Bridge and a few of his friends, but he and his particular friends say that Kellar played a trick on Bridge; but it does not seem possible that Mr. Bridge would be so passive as to be tied to a bench that he needed to be introduced to, or, in fact, sold out so cheap. I would not report this or allude to the farce if the ministers had not taken so much stock in Mr. Kellar and his trick way of explaining all spirit manifestations of a physical nature by offering \$1000 to any medium who would perform or produce any physical manifestation that he could not duplicate without the aid of excommunicated spirits, and the same to be given to some charitable purpose not named.

The following report, from the Boston Globe, of a Baptist minister in his sermon on the following Sunday, will give your readers some idea of the damage to the cause of Spiritualism such shows have with individuals who have not personally investigated the manifestations for themselves. The minister spoke as follows:

"He believed in ghosts, he said, but not in all ghosts, and certainly not in Modern Spiritualism with its claptrap mediums. His principal reason for rejecting the phenomena of Spiritualism was that during his college days he had seen a fraudulent medium exposed. Kellar had said he could duplicate or explain by natural laws all the mediumistic phenomena. There is, however, nothing inherently impossible in the alleged phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, for we accept the miracles recorded in the Scriptures. As to these so-called modern miracles, it is, of course, only a question of evidence. Show us one supported by indisputable proof of its genuineness and we will accept it. To all of these alleged phenomena there is a vast and unexplored background of supernaturalism, which as yet is dark and unknown. Thousands have had psychological experiences which they could not explain. The only light upon the darkness of life's mysteries shines from the cross of Christ."

Spiritualists who have the best interest of the cause at heart, should try and correct the impression that has gone forth by the surface-thinking ministers, as above stated.

Having had some experience at Onset in the year 1886, by attending his first seance at this place by the invitation of Col. Crockett, President of the Onset Bay Grove Association, he having been invited by Mr. Bridge to get up a seance to test his mediumship.

I gave a brief report of the seance to the Onset Dot, a paper printed in the interest of Spiritualism at Onset, and said report was printed in the Olive Branch and the Banner of Light, and under these circumstances I feel it to be a public duty to Spiritualists and the cause of Spiritualism, as well as the papers that printed my report, that I continue on with my report after the alleged exposure.

After the first and only seance I attended of Mr. Bridge's, I believed that Mr. Bridge had manifestations that could not be accounted for even if his hands had been untied, and after two years I still hold to the same conclusion, but, at the same time, I am satisfied that he is not reliable as a Spiritualist or a medium, and that money first, Spiritualism secondary, everytime, is with him, and that it would not disturb

his sleep to make money as he did at the theatre, even if Spiritualism was retarded thereby.

I met Mr. Bridge a few hours before the exhibit took place, and talked with him and he complained bitterly of the Spiritualists in not assisting him to meet Kellar. Said he had all the work to do himself. I informed him that, as far as I could judge, most of the Spiritualists looked upon his move with Kellar as similar to that of "Elder" Waite and Warren Lincoln at the Tremont Temple a few years ago, where they worked together and divided the net proceeds between them, and that Spiritualists looked upon his move in the same manner with Kellar. If Mr. Bridge has had a little trick played upon him by Kellar, or he has been sold out it is good enough for him, providing that he (Bridge) ever had a trick bench in his possession and made use of it. I questioned Mr. Bridge in the year 1886 concerning the expense of expressing his bench about the country for such a purpose and on his going to Lake Pleasant he was tied to a chair instead of a bench.

I have been informed by professional tricksters that it is just as easy to play a trick tied to a chair as it is to a trick bench if so disposed. I do not want to judge Mr. Bridge wrongfully, not knowing the facts and being unacquainted with or well versed in tricks. I said to Mr. Bridge, just before the famous Kellar and Bridge exhibit, "It has been suggested that all mediums for physical manifestations should go before a justice of the peace and make oath that they do not play tricks and represent the same to be the work of excommunicated spirits." I also said to Mr. Bridge, "You know better than any one else about your own manifestations that occur in your presence."

He did not say that he would go before such a tribunal, but it does seem to the writer that no honest medium would object to make oath that they were honest in what is given in their presence, that those that palm off bogus manifestations for the genuine may be rooted out of the community. If individuals are practicing tricks let them style themselves as such, and not sail under false colors to deceive any body and give them to understand that all there is to Spiritualism is what such men as Kellar can duplicate without the aid of excommunicated spirits.

Let all individuals stand or fall upon upon own ground, or standpoint, and not try to ride two horses at one and the same time. Doubtless there are but few tricksters before the public or so-called spirit mediums but what know whether the manifestations that take place with them are tricks and deceptions or are the result of excommunicated spirits gone before.

Mr. Kellar has publicly stated that he could not understand by any trick what Mr. Eggleston performed. Then why is this new offer that he can accomplish all that any spirit medium can? There seems to be a want of consistency in Mr. Kellar's statements and position towards spirit mediumship and manifestations from that source.

I hope Mr. Bridge will learn a valuable lesson in his late performance, and not let Spiritualism have any more loads to carry of such a nature. It would be a good thing for him to retire from the field of Spiritualism providing he plays tricks in connection with his mediumship; he should either work as a spirit medium and the cause of Spiritualism or come out as a full-blooded trickster.

Spirit manifestations should be considered too sacred to be made Punch and Judy show of, as many so-called mediums are no doubt doing for the almighty dollar gained thereby.

Spiritualism from without is all that Spiritualists care to contend with, and not have to upraid those in their own ranks; but with all of such obstacles as the Bridge and Kellar farce, it goes on to conquer, it being founded on fixed facts and eternal laws of the universe, is cannot go back of its own accord.

Since writing the above, I met Mr. Bridge on the street, and we had a common sense talk. I asked him what his grievances were with Mr. Kellar; also what I should do with my report of his seance at Onset in 1886. He replied that my report was true and all right. He also said that his bench was changed at the theatre performance for one that looked precisely like his, and he did not discover it until Kellar opened his trick bench and when he found that he had been sold, left the theatre and walked home, and that he had no idea himself that any such results would follow the seance, and when he found out how he had been tricked he had not the courage to meet the issue, therefore left the theatre. I asked him about his bench and where it was all this time, and he said it was sent to the theatre and he had no idea but what he was tied to his own bench until the results were made manifest as described in the exposure.

He questioned him further about Kellar's bench being at his home since the exhibit, and he said when he sent for his bench the theatre people put on Kellar's also, as Kellar could not own it after he had said or represented before the audience that it was his bench; therefore he has both on exhibit at his home. I said to him report says that Kellar was to have half of the receipts of the house, and he went responsible for the theatre, also the advertising bills.

He was indignant at such a report and said that Mr. Kellar did not have a dollar of the receipts of the house, and proved to me by his bills that he had paid for advertising and talent employed where he had their receipts and the

bills, were made out in his name; but of course such things could be arranged between them if so disposed, hence no proof positive.

I said to him "How about not paying A. E. Carpenter the \$15.00 that he agreed upon for lecturing on the occasion?"

He was indignant at Mr. Carpenter for his course before the audience without knowing the facts, and his deciding with Kellar to his disgrace and said when he received the money for such an act it would be a late day; and spoke of his exhibits as not being what he represented and that he had hired his subjects to appear at his exhibits, etc. I asked him about Edwin Powell, his old partner, and he replied that he would like to set his eyes upon him; giving me the impression that he and Powell were friends no more. I asked him if he was a Spiritualist? He replied yes, in principle, but not in the physical phenomena that were passing current as such, and he believed that Kellar could duplicate every manifestation of a physical nature that is done by mediums; even that of independent slate-writing, naming over some of the renowned mediums of that phase; that Kellar could duplicate their manifestations. I gathered from his remarks that he is a Judas or could be among some of the spiritual mediums for physical manifestations, and that he will make public startling disclosures that will astonish Spiritualists, including myself. He then in conclusion said that if the Spiritualists did not come forward and sustain him, he would add some new novelties to his entertainment and allow the audience to draw their own conclusions; also to decide for themselves whether they were witnessing spirit-manifestations or trick and deception, he remaining neutral and silent upon the subject. What Mr. Bridge does not know of the various tricks that are going about, as being such, by Kellar, and others, is not worth knowing; but one thing is sure, he wants money and is going to make it, Spiritualism or no Spiritualism, and this is his position to-day as he informed me from his own lips. I cannot see as Mr. Kellar has done any exposure in Mr. Bridge's exhibit, and as report goes, only recognized his own bench and opened it, before audience, whether it belonged to Mr. Bridge or himself, it mattered not as far as the exposure is concerned, as trick-benches are similar; but the question might be asked with propriety, "why did Kellar not show the audience how Bridge places the drum so nicely and writes the communications and exhibited hands; also where he carried the flowers?" He should have been tied up in the same manner that Bridge was, and have done the same thing as he did to have made an exposure complete. Render unto each of them all that belongs to them, and no more.

I am sorry that the cause of Spiritualism has to suffer from such an exhibit as it gives the enemies of Spiritualism, who know nothing of the subject except from hearsay capital that should never have been given by friends of the cause; but thanks be to the powers that be with the facts themselves: Spiritualism can stand all the opposition that can be heaped upon it, and still increase from year to year until it spreads over the entire world.

A. S. HAYWARD,

Magnetic Physician.

BOSTON, July 7.

Romanism.

Its Intensity and Assumption.

Who would recognize in the Roman Catholic religion of to-day any similarity between its religious faith and the teachings of the meek and lowly "Jesus," and yet it is claimed by those professing it that it is not changed one "jot or tittle" from that taught by that benign teacher on the hills and mountain tops of Judea.

The "Son of Man" (Jesus) had no where to lay his head and told his followers, "Neither to carry purse nor scrip, but to hold all things in common." But what do we find at Rome and elsewhere among the heads of that church to-day? Nothing less than "purple and fine linen," the same that clothed the rich man against whom Jesus inveighed in the parable of the "Rich Man and Lazarus." But these are only outward symbols, and if they were the only points of difference between the early church of Christianity and the church of Rome of to-day, we might pass them by unnoticed, and not charge this latter church with not only having "fallen from grace," but having set up a standard of christianity, of religion, entirely different and at variance with the precepts and example of the acknowledged founder of the religion that bears his name, and whose precepts and example they still claim to be following.

The religion and dogmas of the church of Rome has become a tyranny and terror over the body and mind of man such as no other church or creed has ever attempted to set up, in that it binds them to certain rules of action—in themselves insignificant from any reasonable standpoint, yet threatens them in case of disobedience with eternal torments the most fearful to contemplate. It shuts the mind in from investigating any and all truths or phenomena outside of their peculiar doctrines, and stands ready to persecute and cry down any and all persons who dare to promulgate anything differing from the established dogmas of their church or creed, and while their anathemas to-day are felt, only to amount to a volley of empty words, still it is only the lack of power and not the will that has annihilated the stake and faggot.

The church of Rome believes that it is its destiny and privilege to rule the world, not only spiritually but temporally, and there was a time when the Pope of Rome was virtually the temporal as well as the spiritual head of nearly all christendom, and boasts of having placed its foot on the "neck of

kings." But that day has passed away never to return, thanks to the enlightenment of the age and the sway of reason over creeds and superstition.

Still there are battles to be fought against that arch enemy of "liberty of thought and action and human progress." Who does not know that if the Catholic church could have its way the public schools would be blotted out and we would be subjected to a choice of two evils, either to have our schools turned into laboratories for the manufacture and dissemination of Catholic dogmas, or have no schools at all, for proof of which read the following quotations:

CATHOLIC SENTIMENTS.

The Freeman's Journal says: "Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil."

Father Schauer says: "The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards."

The Catholic Telegraph says: "It will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country when under the laws of justice and morality, our school system shall be shattered to pieces."

Father Walker says: "I would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog, as to Catholics who send their children to the public schools."

The Tablet observes: "What Father Walker says is only what has been said by the bishops all over the world, over and over again in their pastorals, and we heartily indorse it."

Mr. Preston: "Catholics must not vote as they please, but as true Catholics. They must take their politics the same as their religion, from Peter."

The Catholic church is presided over by those who have adopted in part only the precept as laid down by St. Paul to be "Wise as serpents," but they have not adopted the latter part of it, viz: "To be as harmless as doves."

They know that owing to the intelligence of the age they cannot expect to proselyte to their most monstrous of all faiths, that consigns helpless innocent children to endless punishment for no act of their own; but to offset this they gather in the children from all sources and conditions, and while their minds are yet plastic fasten on their brains the belief that the head of their church and their creed are infallible, and that to doubt is damnation to the soul; and thus in early childhood they rivet the chains of dogmatic belief so firmly that nothing but the strongest convictions to the contrary in after life can have any effect on them, and even those who break away still have a cloud of fear and foreboding follow them by night and by day; and if they have held any prominent position in the church they are declared "accursed and excommunicated," with a tirade of curses calculated to curdle the blood and if possible paralyze the mind. The church of Rome has usurped the power and judgments of God and claims to be invested with the power to save or damn the soul to all eternity. It has hung a pall over christendom that nothing but the "light of reason" can dispel; and that church-fearing that light has been all along down the centuries inveighing against as dangerous and anti-Christian.

To be assured of the deleterious effect of the religion of the church of Rome on civilization and progress, it is only necessary to look at the condition of those countries where it has held undisputed sway, such as Spain, Mexico and the Southern Islands. While the church held control of the secular government of Rome, the railroad, and telegraph and all the other improvements of the age, so beneficial and elevating to humanity, were denied admission into Rome, and the poor persecuted Jew, being out a miserable existence in Rome under the Pope's temporal power, was compelled to be in his hovel, in the Latin quarter before nine o'clock p. m. on pain of imprisonment if he failed to do so, and all because his ancestors held Christ more than eighteen hundred years ago, they forgetting at the same time that, if they killed Christ, their nation furnished him, and that his crucifixion while cruel and unjust was only in accordance with the divine plan of salvation for the human race, according to their belief.

Take the statistics of the hangman and of our jails and prisons and it will be found that a much larger proportion of those hung and imprisoned are Catholics than the proportion of Catholics to the general population, and the reason for that is they are taught that forgiveness is easy, and that a death-bed repentance is as good as having led a blameless or a useful life, and with such teachings is it any wonder that crime stalks abroad in the land, and where ignorance is considered the best heritage for the masses?

The church of Rome has entrenched itself behind the ramparts of ignorance and superstition, and it will continue to hold its sway until reason, science and philosophy assert themselves and proclaim the day of blind faith, superstition and priestcraft at an end. And as soon as light is more powerful than darkness that time will come, but the struggle will be long and fierce, and some may think the victory uncertain, but truth is mighty and will prevail, and the flat has gone forth that "man must be spiritually as well as physically free."

BROWN.

To seek to change opinions by law is worse than futile. It not only fails but it causes a reaction, which leaves the opinion stronger than ever. First, alter the opinion, and then you may alter the law. . . . However pernicious any interest or any great body may be, beware of using force against it. Unless the progress of knowledge has previously sapped it at its base, and loosened its hold over the national mind. This has always been the error of the most ardent reformers, who, in their eagerness to effect their purpose, let the political movement outstrip the intellectual one, and thus inverting the natural order, secure misery either to themselves or their descendants.—Buckle, Hist. Civ., Vol. II, p. 91.

Written for The Better Way.

"The Wandering Jew."

KUMA TRAIL.

There once was a Jew it is said
In days of the long, long ago
When his master with wearisome tread
Bowled down 'neath a burden of woe,
Asked to rest on the stone at his door,
Rose up with the strength of his might
And bade him be gone evermore,
Away from his presence and sight.

And so for this grievous wrong
He does was sentenced to roam
An endless eternity long,
Ne'er finding a rest or a home.
A wanderer over the earth,
A pilgrim with only his care,
Shut out from the beauty and worth
That truth ever renders most fair.

At the end of each hundred year's time
He wakes to the vigor of youth,
And then with the zeal of his prime
He curses the glories of truth,
The fairest and best he assails,
The holiest altar pollutes,
The purest of wisdom disputes.

In short he demands that the good
Shall everywhere be overthrown,
And forthwith the truths understood
Shall even find rest on a stone.
And this is the story I found—
A tale that belongs to the past,
And yet o'er the present is found
A shadow that it might have cast.

While reading the gross bigotry,
The falsehoods, denials and sneers,
I wonder if this may not be
The end of the hundred years,
And this one who raves at life's shrine—
This ranter 'gainst wisdom and truth
Who tramples on pearls like the swine,
Be the Jew just awake to his youth.

Forbidding the master a place
In all of the vast universe
Still meeting the angels of grace
With only a blow and a curse.
O friends, while we trace progress' page
And stand for the good and the true,
'Neath the wonderful light of this age
Let us pity the "Wandering Jew."

Written for The Better Way.

"Much Ado About Nothing."

BY WARREN CHASE.

It is interesting to one who looks over our world as it is and the whole human race to witness the exciting scenes of our christian teapot tempest got up under evangelical excitement by such wigglers as Sam Jones and Sam Small and the "boy" man Harrison and Moody and Joe Cook etc., as if Christianity was the greatest and only important religion in the world, and that catholicism was not in it, when in fact it is a very small fraction when all, even catholic is taken in, and that the catholic largely outnumber all other sects. Even in countries which are called christian, as ours often is, there is but a fraction of the population that can be called christians by the evangelical standard and hence the zeal of these evangelists. My attention was called to this subject recently by a speech made in the Chicago convention of delegates from the "christian endeavor" societies by Edward S. Niles of Boston, and which corresponds in its limited scope to my own observations and other testimony. He refers to the "30,000 infidels and idolaters" landed on our shore every month that need missionary work, meaning of course catholics in part, a condition of our cities, and says Boston with 600,000 people had no more than 25,000 members of protestant churches. (There are more than that number of spiritualists in Boston.) He also says New York with 2,000,000 people has less than 90,000 protestants, and Chicago with 800,000 people had fewer than 100,000 protestants. He says these three cities had 2,860,000 people that do not attend our churches, and he thinks there is plenty of missionary work at home, and it would seem so if there is any necessity of converting people to that kind of faith, the value of which I could never see any more than the great majority of our people can. Now let us turn to our world and the race and see what a figure this presents. Including the entire population of christian countries, and the Mahomedans nearly or quite equal them, and the heathens, as they are called elsewhere, outnumber both. Now let us turn to the spirit-world, which is peopled from this, and where the petty God of our christians is said to rule as king, but where in fact as little is known of him as here; and see the countless millions of Chinese and Japanese and Hindoos and Mahomedans and Africans and the millions who go from our country and are not christians, and see what a place for the Joneses and other evangelical mission-

aries. Here or there, is of more importance than the political wrangling in our conventions or the social tempests that so often disturb society.

CABDEN, ILL., July 10, 1888.

Who is this Marvelous Man, Dr. A. B. Dobson?

This question has been asked by many. The following letter will throw some light on the question:

Dr. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa Iowa—Dear Doctor: Your remedies and picture received all right. I have been using your remedies for two weeks, and thank God I am getting well.

For five months I was confined to my bed, unable to turn over without assistance; but since taking your remedies I can sit up to have my bed made. I had been given up to die. The doctors said consumption had set in, and I had my burial clothes made, but thanks to you, and the good spirits, I will not need them yet. I did not believe in spirits nor Spiritualism but I do now.

I am gaining so fast that the neighbors can hardly believe it is myself. I have sent you a great many patients, and will send you many more.

I had twenty calls on Monday to see your picture, and to see if I was gaining as fast as reported. They don't know what to make of it, as they were all expecting me to die. They say: "Surely this is a miracle. Who is the man who can work such wonders?" and many more such questions. Send remedies soon so they will reach me before this month's medicine is gone.

I wish I could tell to the sick of the whole world what you have done for me. God bless you is my prayer. Truly yours, HELEN MASON.

LONG LAKE, Minn.

Written for The Better Way.

Sweet Home.

I send with this a few lines given me—inspirationally—several years ago. I think it will be read with interest as it shows, in a limited sense, the way we build and adorn our homes in spirit world.

If the inspiration continues to flow as it has been doing in the past there need be no darkness for the human family to contend with much longer, as light will flow into so many minds that none need stumble for want of a guide. The widespread influence of the invisible world is lighting up the darkest minds, as we see and read daily of some long benighted traveler having found a lamp for his feet that sends him on his way rejoicing.

If Spiritualism is doing so much for those who were in doubt and darkness, who shall say that it is not above and beyond the boasted evangelical work that only points the way to an uncertain location, called by them, heaven. Each one must be the architect of his own home and heaven, and the material forwarded from earth for its construction, or none will be found.

S. E. CALDWELL.

July 15th.

Now the lamp is lit for each and every one, illumining the way till there is no longer need to stumble in the dark. The voice of the guide is heard in the distance and the finger-posts ever in sight. Angels are watching and waiting to give the glad welcome to the countless millions who are journeying towards them, lifting the curtain at times, revealing a glimpse of hidden glories, and shining homes awaiting the pilgrims, who, with eyes ever fixed upon the promised goal, are pressing on, not with dread and anxious fears as heretofore, but with the glad knowledge that all with them will be well. Shining angel friends there to conduct to habitations built for them by their own good deeds and where we can imagine them saying something like this as they show each one to his or her spiritual home: "See, my sister, this beautiful structure where you are to abide as long as it is suited to your wants. It has risen step by step, keeping pace with your own spiritual growth,

This beautiful arch-way festooned with vines and flowers grew out of your good thought, and your great desire to help the needy—these glistening crystals which render the place so charming are the tears of sympathy shed by you over the woes of others; these walks bordered with such lovely grasses and beautiful flowers were formed by your daily walk, and this arbor so vast and so densely covered by this rich and cool looking foliage, intended to be a shelter for many, is the mantle of charity which you threw over human frailty.

Your first habitation was marred by many deformities, such as selfishness, uncharitableness and love of the world, but it has nearly all crumbled away—just enough left to show what your home would have been had you not listened to the voice of your good angel in time.

In seeking for truth, look to the pure fountain which is always flowing, seeking to bless all who desire a baptism in its healing waters.

The fountain is ever flowing,
The supply will never fail,
As into truth you're growing,
Ascending the heavenly scale,
Where angels bright are meeting,
Shedding the perfume of love,
Giving to all a greeting,
Who are looking and reaching above,
Where a halo of golden glory
Is waiting to shower down
Upon all who are earnestly seeking
And wishing to wear the crown.

Not long since, a gentleman of some note as a politician, and who loves his brandy well, met an old friend of his, whom he had not seen in a long time, and who had been a judge in his younger days but is now growing quite corpulent in his old age, in consequence, as is supposed, of his imbibing salutations, and the politician remarked:

"It seems to me, Judge, that you are fattening up, lately. What is the cause of that?"

"A clear conscience, sir, a clear conscience!" coolly remarked the Judge.

"Well, well," said the politician, "I never heard it called by that name before. I shall have to go home and label my bottles over again!"

"There is one thing I want to ask you, Mary," said a kind parent the other day to his daughter, "and it is this: Is Prddie inclined to be economical? If he is not it is better for you to break your engagement at once." "Economical, father!" replied the blushing young maiden as she wound a pair of long sinewy arms about her dear papa's neck. "I should say he was. Why, the first thing he does every night when he comes in is to turn down the gas real low, because, he says, the monopolists charge such an outrageous price for it." And she looked up into her face with such an innocent look that plainly said, "Isn't he grand?" that the indulgent father had not the heart to say anything more.—[Elmira Gazette.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Annie Dean Clapper, of Denver, a woman of considerable intellect and education, and a member of the Theosophical Society of London, dreamed that she saw her own body laid in a coffin. She observed minutely the dress, the manner in which the hair was arranged, and other peculiarities. The dream impressed her with the belief that she was soon to die, and she could not get rid of the impression. She said that she was failing and should die, and especially charged her friends to clothe and arrange her dead body just as she had seen in the dream. Then she gradually sank, her last words being: "This is not death; this is life." Her wishes were all complied with.